THE

# Methodist Magazine.

JUNE, 1893.

## A CANADIAN LADY'S ADVENTURES IN THE ORIENT.

### *MOUNT TABOR AND NAZARETH.*

BY ZELLA CARMAN.

SATURDAY, April 16th, 1892, was a day of surpassing interest to Dr. Withrow's small band of Canadian pilgrims in Palestine; for we not only visited Jezreel, Shunem, Nain and Endor, but Mount Tabor and Nazareth were to complete the list. As we rode down the steep, rocky hillside of Endor, and looked northwards, across the wide plain of Esdraelon, we had our first clear view of Mount Tabor.

We had several times seen its great round head rising over other mountains; but we had now crossed the last of these intervening hills, and the whole grand outline of the isolated mass of rock came clearly into view. Mount Tabor really rises only about 1,350 feet above the plain; but, approached from the south, the sheer, naked limestone rock, rising so abruptly from the level plain, gives the appearance of much greater height.

The road winds around the eastern face to the village of Debûrieh on the north, where the ascent begins. It is very gradual, and the road is fairly good for the first fifteen minutes, when its character changes. Here our sure-footed horses give us one more proof of their astonishing capability for walking up a steep stairway filled with loose stones. But worse still was at hand, for we presently reached an alarmingly steep smooth stone toboggan-slide—nearly smooth, at any rate; for, though there are some faint marks worn in the stone by the feet of the generations of predecessors of my good steed, Jemil, they are not reassuring, and I only require an excuse to dismount and finish the ascent on foot. I look down at the Doctor, who is mounted on a wiry and most opinionated little sorrel, rejoicing in the name of Naaman; but

the reins are lying loose on Naaman's neck, and the Doctor, note-book in hand, is serenely and absorbedly contemplating the landscape, having evidently abandoned the whole business of ascent to his horse.

And, indeed, the pictures disclosed by the upward windings of the path might well make one forget its dangers. Fair, smiling valleys, and the varied outlines of range after range of mountains come successively into view as we ascend; the picture is never twice the same, but always beautiful.

On reaching the top, after three-quarters of an hour's steady climbing through a wilderness of oak and syringa, it was a surprise to find so large a space that is comparatively level—a field or two of thin, starved-looking wheat, and stone-walled gardens. We entered a gate and rode between two stone walls to the court-yard of the Latin (Roman Catholic) monastery, and as we dismounted to explore the ruins I took a refreshing peep at the monks' pretty little formal garden, with its neatly-kept beds brilliant with bloom.

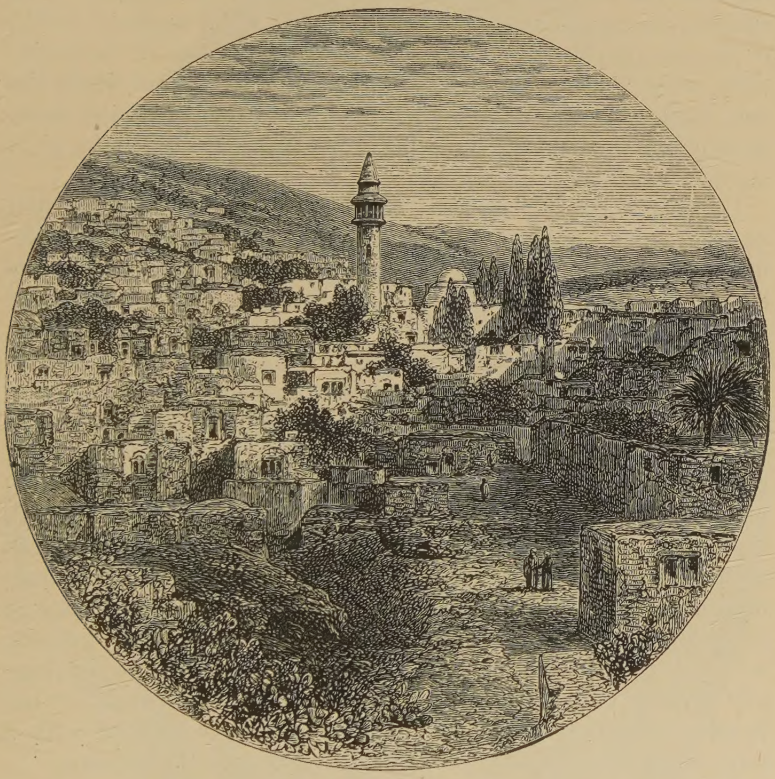
The history of the broken and fallen masses of masonry covering this part of the mountain is not known, but they are certainly the remains of many ages and many different nations. Antiochus the Great built a town here more than two hundred years before Christ. Josephus occupied the mount as a fortress and built a wall around the plateau on the summit. Much later, the Crusaders erected a church and monastery which the Moslems at length destroyed. As sole successors to all those varied owners, there are now two monasteries, a Latin and a Greek; and so great is their fraternal affection, that travellers visiting either one are denied admittance to the other.

Whatever the history and dates of these vine-covered ruins they are picturesque and beautiful now, and in perfect harmony with the stately traditions of the place. Not less so is the Franciscan monk who receives us with the graceful courtesy of his race, giving us a cordial welcome in very pure French. As he stands there, with the bright sunshine lighting up his blue eyes and the short auburn curls of his uncovered, tonsured head, I am grateful to the custom that prescribes his long brown robe of coarse cloth, the girdle of knotted cord with the carved olive rosary, even the bare sandalled feet. He is thoroughly in keeping with a historic past.

Following the good brother, we passed through the ruins; and, climbing the wall at the north-eastern point, reached a sort of platform, where we stopped amazed at the wonderful sight. All central Palestine lay spread out before us; the cradle of the human race, the scenes associated with its early history, when

God yet dealt directly with men; history so remote that it had always seemed unreal. But now, names that had hitherto been mere shadows became living realities as our guide pointed out their location.

Far to the north-east Mount Hermon lifts its stately head, its snowy crown dazzling white against the blue sky; nearly east



STREET IN NAZARETH.

of us rise the tawny slopes of the Gadarene hills, and, at their feet, a silvery gleam of blue water:

> "Clear silver water in a cup of gold,
> Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara
> It shines—His lake—the sea of Chinnereth."

It is our first glimpse of that "little silver happy sea, far famed," and the eye lingers a moment before we look for the mountains of Gilead, and those of Samaria, where Ebal frowns at Gerizim across the smiling valley of Nabulus.

Beyond these still, the faint outline of the Judean hills is lost in the deeper blue of the sky. Stretching away from the base of Tabor for miles towards the south lies the plain of Esdraelon; green now with a luxuriant crop of wheat.

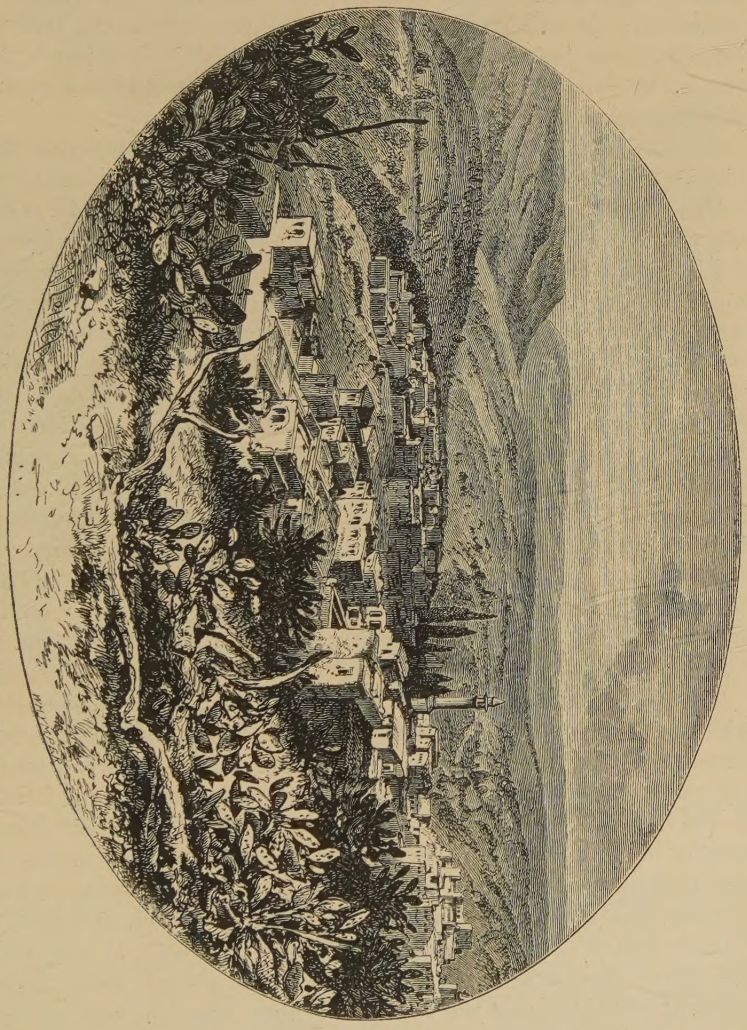
We have many times admired the wonderful clearness and transparent brilliancy of the atmosphere, which an Eastern traveller has well said, "like water brightens all it touches." This effect is especially noticeable to-day in the vivid depth of colour of the blue sky, and the yellow, russet and purple of the mountains, while Esdraelon glows like an emerald, except where the long shadow of Tabor lies across it. Objects that are many miles distant are revealed with a clear distinctness of outline as if close at hand.

Looking to the west we see Mount Carmel; and between that and Tabor, on the south-west, the valley of Megiddo, the battle-field of Barak and Sisera. Mount Tabor has been closely associated with all the past history of this region, but in all that past there is, perhaps, nothing of so much dramatic interest as the overthrow of Sisera. Barak, in accordance with Deborah's instructions has assembled here his ten thousand fighting men of Zebulon and Naphtali. And what a rendezvous for an army! We are strangers from a far country, but, looking at the wide, glorious prospect, we feel a thrill of pride and love for our common heritage in this mother-land of all Christian peoples. What, then, must have been its inspiration for a Jew, of all men the most intensely patriotic! Small wonder that Sisera's "nine hundred chariots of iron" went down before the impetuous charge of Barak's host. No doubt Deborah, standing on these heights, watched the battle she had instigated; all the high courage and loyalty of her lofty soul enkindled by the valour of her people; and, on their return, she celebrated the victory with a song of rejoicing, worthy alike of the scene and the occasion.

Looking at the very scene where it occurred it was easy to re-people those western slopes with the multitude of wearied soldiers, enjoying their well-earned rest, while the stately, white-robed prophetess in song and recitative immortalized "Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite," for the brave deed that had sealed the victory. But they vanished, and I was brought suddenly back to the present by the whispered request to "ask him if he has any canes?" For we had a cane collector in our party; not the first of his kind who had been here, perhaps; for the good brother smiled and shook his head. "I am afraid there is nothing left—everyone wants a souvenir, *mais nous verrons.*" And we did see; for when we reached the courtyard again, an attendant

brought a knotty oak stick from which he was brushing the ashes. It was the fire-poker! But in spite of its humble origin it is now the crowning glory of a very motley collection.*

Our faithful dragoman now anxiously reminded us that we had



LOOKING DOWN ON NAZARETH.

still four hours' ride to Nazareth, "and the mountain paths, after it will be dark, are dangerous also," a statement that our own

*I have before me a beautiful souvenir of Mount Tabor in the shape of a paper-knife, cut and carved by Judge Carman, who has a genius for that kind of work.—ED.

experience fully endorsed. So we said a grateful adieu to our obliging *cicerone* and began the descent on foot, with one exception. To our surprise, the Doctor rode down, quite satisfied, apparently, with his horse at an angle of forty-five degrees; and utterly regardless of the fact that one mis-step might cause a vacancy in the editorial chair of the METHODIST MAGAZINE. However, Naaman justified the confidence reposed in him; and the rest of the party drew a long breath when the foot of the mountain was reached in safety.

In order to save time we were to take a short cut across the hills to Nazareth; and we had picked up a bare-headed, bare-footed, lightly-clothed native of that place for a guide. He seemed to care as little for sharp stones and sharper thorns as our horses did, and kept easily ahead of us; chanting the endless, monotonous Arabic song with which our muleteers enliven the way. We rode as fast as the rocky winding path allowed; indeed, our horses always knew much better than we did when the day's work was nearly done, and needed no urging except the near prospect of the evening meal. The sinking of the sun behind the high western hills soon threw the valley into deep shadow, but on the upper slopes of Tabor the golden light still lingered with exquisite effect. But it faded even from the heights, and the quick-coming darkness had fallen before we rode down the last long slope and reached Nazareth. We had been thirteen hours in the saddle, and though such a day could not be too long, we were thoroughly ready for dinner and bed.

An ideal Easter morning! The bluest of blue skies, floods of glorious sunshine, flowers everywhere. This was my first impression of Nazareth as I came out into the fresh sweetness of the early morning; an impression that was deepened as I took in the details of the fair scene: the white houses in their green setting of fig and olive gardens, with pots of blooming plants on the roofs—roses running riot over the low stone walls—while acres of scarlet poppies blazed in the valley below us, and yellow daisies and fragrant mignonette grew like weeds at our feet. We found the curtains of our dining tent looped back, so we enjoyed our coffee and the lovely morning together, and not less the great bunches of dewy pink roses that had come to be the usual daily tribute to "Madame's" love of flowers.

On starting out, immediately after breakfast, we were struck by the strange fact that, for the first time since leaving Canada, we had found a real Sabbath. In the narrow little streets of the "bazaar," and in the broader market-place, every shop front was

WOMEN OF NAZARETH.

tightly shuttered, and there was not even a sherbet-seller abroad. In reply to our comment on this, our dragoman said:

"Oh, yes, Nazareth is a Christian town."*

But, in view of the practices we had seen in other "Christian" towns, this hardly appeared conclusive. However, it did seem very fitting that, in Christ's home, His Sabbath should be respected.

The Latin Church of the Annunciation, which we first visited,

*It is a curious fact that in this town, in which the bigoted Jews sought to kill the Lord of Life and drove Him from their midst, not a single Jew now remains.

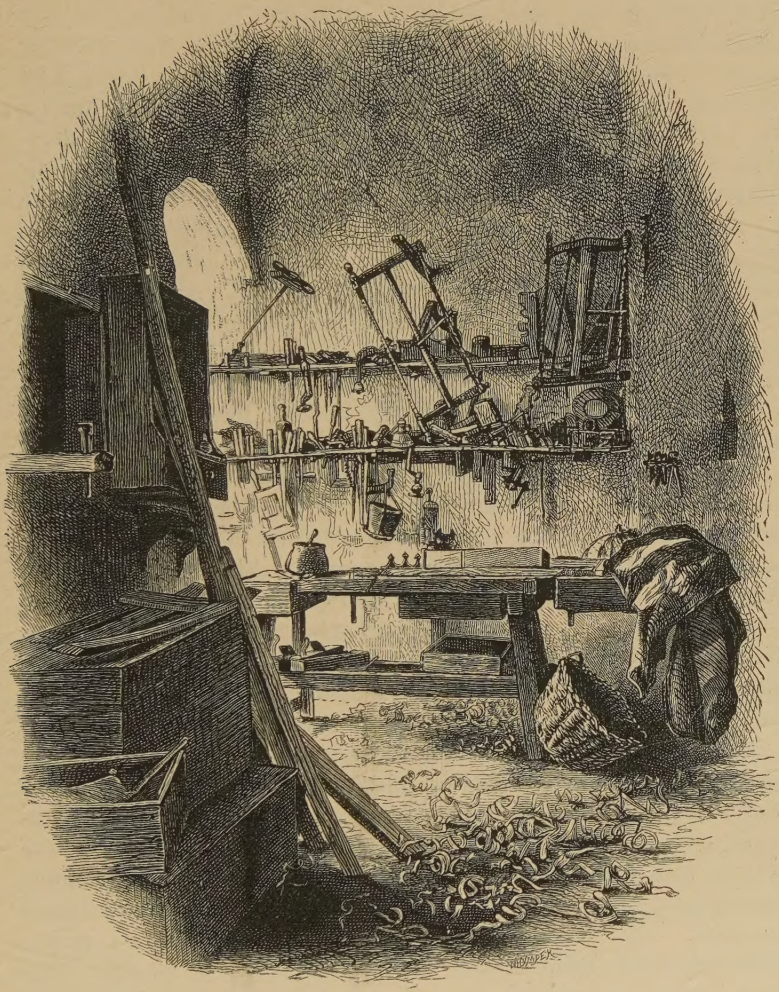
is of fair size, the interior rather handsome, the altars on either side the nave being simple and artistic, and the effect of the high arches of the nave itself, resting on four massive pillars, is very fine. In the crypt under the altar, there is a curious instance of the mathematical accuracy with which these Latins locate events. We had been already told that the church covers the site of the Virgin's house; that the house itself was transported by angels to Dalmatia; and thence to Loreto in Italy, where it still remains. But when we entered the Chapel of the Annunciation, and read on the altar the inscription, "HIC VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST" (here the Word was made flesh), it was somewhat startling; but, having got the most important matter settled, we were able to accept the minor details of the Virgin's kitchen and other domestic arrangements without a protest.

We next visited the small Latin chapel on the site of Joseph's workshop,* the synagogue where Jesus read the prophets, the flat rock called the Table of Christ, where He is said to have eaten with His disciples, and the precipice near the Maronite Church where His murder was attempted. We visited these places because it is the correct thing for pilgrims to do, and because the local dragoman seemed to expect it of us; but we meant to spend the rest of the day studying the realities rather than the traditions of Nazareth.

On our way back to camp we stood for some time at Mary's Well, watching the women drawing water; a scene little different from what it was when Mary came here for the daily supply of water for the humble home of the carpenter. No traditions are needed here; this is the only spring in Nazareth. Even the women's simple dress, falling in straight lines from the shoulders to the feet, and the graceful shapes of the jars borne on their heads, have come down from the past, and illustrate it for us.

In the afternoon we visited the Greek Church of the Annunciation, but neither church nor service had sufficient interest to detain us long. On coming out into the courtyard of the church we saw what, at the first glance, seemed to be a bed of bright-hued flowers, but proved to be a group of fifty or sixty Syrian children, clad in all the colours of the rainbow, and basking like kittens in the sun. The soft, bright colours brought out the rich tints of their olive cheeks and great black eyes, making a picture thoroughly Oriental in its warmth and brilliancy.

* The workshop of Joseph, the traditional remains of which we were shown, must have been not unlike the picture given on page 531 of a modern carpenter's shop in this ancient town.



CARPENTER'S SHOP AT NAZARETH.

The streets were gay with people as brightly clothed as the children, many of the women wearing a bewitching head-dress that we had not seen elsewhere. It was a square of white or light-coloured transparent silk gauze, caught into soft folds at the back by a silver aigrette, and floating with airy grace on the shoulders.

Our dragoman was now taking us to visit the home of his cousin, Dr. Nadif Kawar, where we were received with an unaffected cordiality that was very winning. Dr. Kawar, who is a graduate of the American Missionary College at Beyrout, is the son of a former clergyman of the little Protestant church here;

and, evidently, like most Christian physicians in the East, he is as much missionary as doctor. While the gentlemen were talking to him I was greatly interested in hearing from his sister, Miss Hannah Kawar, an account of the work she is doing among the very poor Moslem girls, and women. She has a class of fifty-five of the older girls whom she teaches sewing, singing, reading and writing; and "above all" (to use her own words) "the love of Jesus." She has done this alone since her father's death some years ago, with only such pecuniary help as she obtains from the sale of her pupils' work to the few tourists that visit Nazareth in the spring and autumn. She described to me the poverty and ignorance of these girls and the difficulty she has in procuring the funds necessary for carrying on her good work, concluding—

"Ah! Madame, will you not try to send me some help from your country, to buy books and materials for work for my class?"

Her soft, low voice, and dark, pleading eyes, so strongly seconded her request, that I longed to give her an unqualified promise to send her the needed help—instead of a promise to *try* to do it.* Before leaving we were served with the usual Syrian refreshments—preserved quinces, Turkish sweetmeats and coffee—and we came away with a very pleasant impression of the bright, simple little home which is the centre of so much unselfish effort to spread the light of truth, a home in itself a daily lesson which the most ignorant can read.

It was now late in the afternoon and we were going to see the sunset from the top of Jebel es Sîkh. We realized afresh, as we went up, up, up the narrow, stone-paved streets, that Nazareth is built on a hill-side; a system that has its advantages where sewers and health-committees are not. No wonder these steep streets look clean—the winter rains must come down them like a cataract. The view from the hill-top embraces many of the features of that from Mount Tabor, but is less extensive. The town lies on the south-eastern slope of the hill and looks little more than a village, though the population is variously estimated at from five to ten thousand. (A Turkish census always leaves room for individual judgment.)

Nazareth was never at any time a place of importance; it is not mentioned in the Old Testament, and Thompson thinks that even Josephus knew nothing of it. There were then many important towns in this region; busy commercial seaports on the

* Any reader of these notes desiring to contribute to this beautiful charity may do so, either by sending their contributions direct to Miss Hannah Kawar, Nazareth, or through Mrs. Carman, at Cornwall, Ontario, or through the Editor of this magazine.—Ed.

coast, and rich and populous inland cities on the lines of travel from north to south. Now, the splendour of Tyre and Sidon has faded, the very sites of the great cities of the Lake of Galilee are uncertain, and their decay, rather than any great increase of its own, has made Nazareth the chief town of this district. It is still, however, the secluded Galilean village, the only approach to it being the bridle-paths over the hills; happily, therefore, its quiet peace and beauty remain unchanged.

It is said that not a stone remains of the village which was Christ's home, but this one probably presents much the same appearance. The square, flat-roofed houses are built as they were built two thousand years ago, and of the same white stone, quarried from the neighbouring hills. There has been no change in the narrow little valley and the low ranges of hills closely surrounding it.

> "The mountains and the waters and the sky,
> These, as He saw them, have their glory yet,
> At sunrise and at sunset."

Full of this thought we lingered long on the grassy hill-top, remembering the many proofs in the gospels of our Lord's love for the mountain solitudes, and reverently believing that this must have been a favourite retreat. Many times, it may be, He has stood here, in the solemn hush of the dying day, and watched the purple shadows deepen in the valley, and the snows of distant Hermon bathed in rosy light, or the bold, blue line of Carmel sharply cut against the deep gold of the evening sky. It was a scene to live forever in the memory, and, most reluctantly, when the light faded, we took a last long look and started back to camp.*

One great event of the day yet remained. Of course dinner was always an event, but we knew that this night's *menu* had

*Of the view of this beautiful valley from the hill above the town, Archdeacon Farrar writes thus:

"The view from this spot would in any country be regarded as extraordinarily rich and lovely; but it receives a yet more indescribable charm from our belief that here, with His feet among the mountain flowers, and the soft breeze lifting the hair from His temples, Jesus must often have watched the eagles poised in the cloudless blue, and have gazed upwards as he heard overhead the rushing plumes of the long line of pelicans, as they winged their way from the streams of Kishon to the Lake of Galilee. And what a vision would be outspread before Him, as He sat at springtime on the green and thyme-besprinkled turf! To Him every field and fig-tree, every palm and garden, every house and synagogue, would have been a familiar object; and most fondly of all amongst the square, flat-roofed houses would His eye single out the little dwelling-place of the village carpenter."

been arranged with special reference to the day, and to the memory of that Passover which the sons of Israel still eat with girded loins and staff in hand. Appetites and expectations were therefore pleasantly excited as we sat down to our flower-decked table. The soup, excellent as usual, was hastily disposed of as a mere preliminary, and the entrées (for which our cook was famous) received scant attention. We were frankly reserving ourselves for the special feature.

And now "Mr. Cook" himself marched into the dining-tent in his most stately manner, bearing a huge platter containing a lamb roasted whole—the passover-lamb, dressed in true Eastern fashion with rice and savory herbs. "Mr. Cook's" brown face beamed with professional pride as he skilfully cut the choicest morsels and served us himself, while Assad and Hani, our usual waiters, looked on in respectful admiration. Perhaps the most ordinary dish would have gained a flavour under such circumstances, but it is an article of faith with our party that Epicurus himself never tasted such a lamb—such juicy, tender, "gamey" flesh, cooked to the utmost perfection of well-browned sweetness.

No wonder that the two following courses were mere matters of form; but no one could slight the concluding masterpiece. It was our cook's special pudding, a delicious combination of Damascus apricots, rice and cream. Then came Jaffa oranges, ripened to juicy sweetness in the long sunny days, and the warm nights full of soft sea mists; lastly, tiny cups of Turkish coffee, over which, as usual, we lingered, discussing the wonderful sights of the day, and the wonders to come to-morrow, for there were no blank days—every hour, indeed, being full of interest.

Outside, the Paschal moon is shining in a sky that glows like a sapphire, the little valley is full of silvery light which turns the white walls of the town to purest marble, and close about stand the hills, keeping forever their silent, solemn watch over our Lord's earthly home.

NOTE.—Mrs. Carman has said nothing in her admirable paper, so full of life and colour and incident, of Mount Tabor as the alleged site of the Transfiguration of our Lord, for the very good reason that that theory, long held, has been almost universally abandoned. As stated above, the summit of the mountain was covered with buildings and fortifications in the time of Christ. It being, however, the most conspicuous mountain in Galilee, early tradition claimed it as the scene of the Transfiguration and as also the mount of the Beatitudes. It, however, fails to fulfil the conditions required by both the one and the other. As early as the sixth century three churches were erected on Mount Tabor, in memory of the three tabernacles which St. Peter proposed to make. As we shall see later, the slopes of Mount Hermon much more fully fulfil the necessary conditions of the Transfiguration of our Lord.

After climbing the hill above Nazareth, Mrs. Carman returned with the dragoman to the camp; and the Judge, with the rest of the party, visited the English Protestant Orphanage, beautifully situated on a slope overlooking the town. We went up a hundred stone steps in noble terraces, studded with palm, fig and mulberry trees. The house is quite extensive, and bears the beautifully appropriate inscriptions, "A Father of the fatherless is God in His holy habitation," and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

The halls and rooms were lofty and clean; neatly-dressed children were enjoying their supper of Easter eggs and bread. About one hundred Syrian girls were being trained in religion and domestic virtues, and no better work can be done than this, the preparing these girls for the establishment of Christian homes in this country.

"Do you know my mother?" asked one of these sweet-faced girls, of the Judge.

"No; where does she live?" he asked.

"Oh, she lives in England," the girl replied; "she pays for my education at this school, so I call her mother."

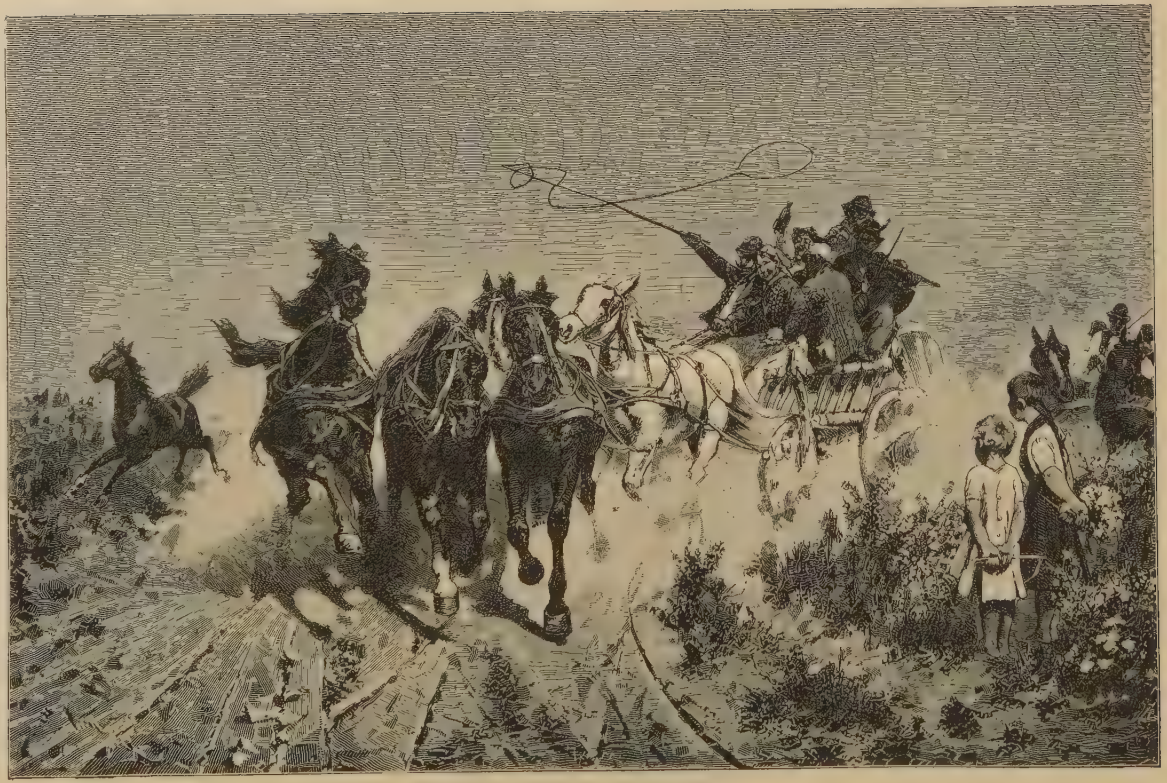
Very anxious they were to converse in their somewhat scanty English. A number of these girls attend the morning service at the English Church. They wore a modest lace veil over their head and shoulders, while some wore a white mantle. They had pale, olive complexions, calm, pure, classic features, and deep, dark eyes, like those of the Sistine Madonna. It came with a strange thrill to our hearts to hear them sing the Magnificat of the Virgin, so near the spot where those immortal words were first sung—"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Then their sweet, pure voices rose clear and strong, with slightly foreign accent, in that grand old hymn of the ages, the *Te Deum*, "We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

The sermon was preached by a native clergyman, the text being, "Christ our Passover is slain for us." The anthem for the day was, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept"; and the old English Easter hymn, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day, sons of men and angels say," rang out clear as a bird's carol in the bright morning air. In that beautiful Easter service in the dear old English tongue, and especially in our quiet meditation on the hilltops above the town, all the sacred past with its hallowed associations seemed to come once more before our mind. The glorious thought of the risen Lord, who had passed forever into the heavens, hallowed with sacred and tender associations this little town of Nazareth.—Ed.

---

Cycles have rolled since the first Christmas day,
When, from His Father's house the Son came down,
To share our sorrows, take our sins away,
And make Himself for us of no renown.

—*Amy Parkinson.*



WEDDING PARTY IN ROUMANIA.

# THE KINGDOM OF ROUMANIA.*

BY CARMEN SYLVA

*(Queen Elizabeth of Roumania).*

PELESCH CASTLE, SUMMER HOME OF CARMEN SYLVA—QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.

My first visit to Roumania was a series of surprises. In the town there were some picturesque streets, where all the doorways were encumbered with many-coloured stuffs, old iron, and green and brown pottery. Other quarters resembled a medley of dolls' houses, so singularly small were the dwellings, hidden beneath the trees, those luckless willows which are being more thoroughly despoiled of their branches every year, or the acacias, which fill the whole town with their perfume in the spring. Open to the street were the shops of bakers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, with innumerable wine shops, where brandy made from plums, called *tzuica*, was sold—

* Abridged from *Harper's Weekly*.

dingy little places, from the gloomy depths of which looked out men with brigandlike figures, but mild eyes and a melancholy smile. The nearer we approach the river Dimbovitza, which name signifies oak leaf, the more closely packed were the houses, with their projecting balconies and small pierced columns surmounted by carved trefoils, giving them something of a Moorish appearance.

And then the Dimbovitza itself—now reduced to subjection, supplemented by canals, lined with quays, markets, slaughter-houses, schools, hospitals, barracks, and beautiful churches (too beautiful, perhaps, because too new)—was very different in those days, and presented animated scenes on its banks such as would have delighted poets and artists. People bathed in the beautiful mud in pell-mell fashion, the children splashed about with shouts of delight, the water-carriers led their animals into the stream, wading knee-deep themselves as they filled their barrels. And in the deepest part of the ooze you could see huge forms moving about in confusion; grayish bodies with patches bald of hair, looking like hippopotami in the distance, though the massive horns, curving near the nape of the neck, and the black muzzles shining in the sun, proved them to be buffaloes.

As time went on I was to make close acquaintance with this clumsy, sluggish, antediluvian beast, so common in Roumania. The cow yields quantities of rich milk, from which excellent cream is obtained, and of which very white but tasteless butter

CARMEN SYLVA, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

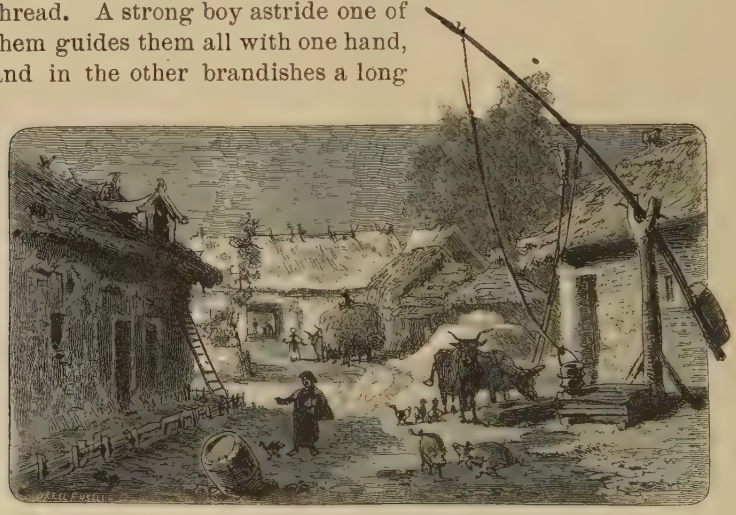
NOTE.—The reader of this charming paper will remember that the writer is the Queen of Roumania, the poetess, now, alas, suffering from serious illness, who took the *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva in memory of her birthplace, the wood-encircled castle of Mon Repos. The daughter of Hermann, Prince of Wied, and Maria, Princess of Nassau, Carmen Sylva was brought up in a refined and sheltered home. Married on November 15th, 1869, to the lover of her choice, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who had been elected ruler of the united principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia in 1866, Princess Elizabeth made the entry into the capital she so graphically describes when she had been a bride but a few days. Since then she was long the very centre and heart alike of the popular and intellectual life of her adopted country, founding clubs for the poor, herself teaching in the schools, translating books into the Roumanian language, gathering about her at court all that is best and noblest in Eastern Europe. During the bloody campaign of 1877 her palace was converted into a hospital, and many a life was saved by her unwearying care.

ROUMANIAN PEASANTS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

is made. For the buffalo to thrive it must be fed on the dried leaves of maize, and have a bed of mud to wallow in. It would die in the summer without marshes, and in winter if it did not have a subterranean retreat and a woollen covering. In the streets of the town, and in the open country, you see numerous buffaloes harnessed, in single file, to countless heavy-laden

vehicles, the animals' hoofs sinking deep in the dust in dry weather, and in the mud when it rains. Speaking of mud, what was my amusement the first time I was splashed with it, and that was in one of the principal roads, at finding that it made grease spots on my clothes! And when I saw ploughing! A plough drawn by four to six oxen, just scratching over the earth, with the branch of a tree serving as a harrow. This is what they call ploughing here! More than that, the soil is so fertile that it is really all that is needed.

Roumanian carriages are often drawn by horses, eight, twelve, or even sixteen little horses being yoked together in a helter-skelter manner with a kind of pack-thread. A strong boy astride one of them guides them all with one hand, and in the other brandishes a long



FARM-YARD IN ROUMANIA.

whip with a short handle very dexterously. Thus do they cross the wide plains, standing out larger than life against the wide-stretching horizon. The driver, as he goes, sings a melancholy melody, and now and then he halts beside some well to water his cattle. The structures protecting the well look rather like gallows rising solitary from the midst of the fields. Every man who has sunk a well is blessed, and many are the sins forgiven him. Whosoever drinks, after blowing in the water to drive away evil spirits, is bound to say, "May God pardon him!" Sometimes the charioteer falls asleep amongst the maize, his limbs relaxed, and abandoned to careless repose.

If we suddenly hear in the distance the ringing of small bells and long sustained cries like the whistles on the railways, we know we may expect to see appear eight horses and two postilions

belonging to some wealthy man going to his country-seat at a rate of twenty kilometres an hour. The postilions wear embroidered leather garments, moccasins like those of Indians, hats with long fluttering ribbons, and shirts with wide sleeves that swell out like sails in the wind as they go. Like demons, they double themselves up, scream, crack their whips, talk to their horses, or fling you a greeting as they pass by, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

In the streets of Bucharest there is a perpetual going and coming of carriages, countless hackney-coaches, all open, with just a hood to protect the hirer from the cold, the sun, or the rain. The coachmen are extraordinary-looking creatures, beardless Russians of the Lipovan sect, wearing long black velvet robes,

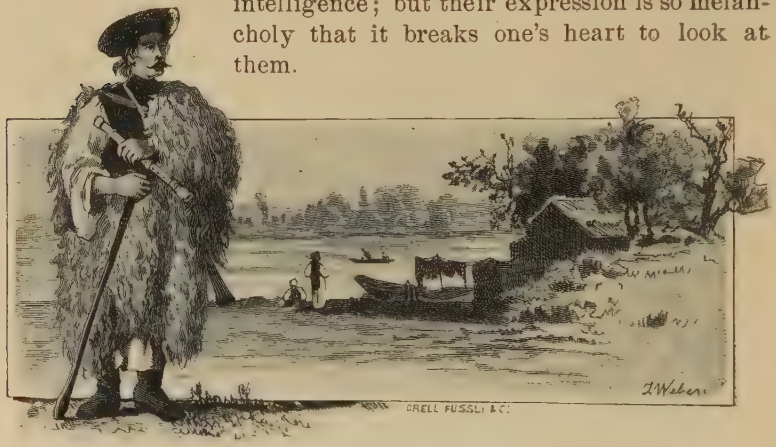
MARKET-DAY IN ROUMANIA.

pulled in at the waist with a coloured sash. They drive very rapidly, with the arms stretched out, as in St. Petersburg. They are clean, steady, and honest. I amused myself sometimes by counting them; no matter what the weather, from 120 to 150 carriages an hour passed the windows of the palace; only between two and four o'clock in the morning was there comparative quiet.

In addition to the noise of the carriages, peddlers and porters on foot make the streets reverberate with their long, melancholy cries. These walkers are mostly Bulgarians, wearing long white mantles with wide red woollen sashes, and a red or white fez on the head. They hawk milk, oranges, bonbons, a horrible drink of fermented millet, and sheep from which the skins have been taken, the still bleeding bodies hung upon poles. To our streets, which are

an imitation of those of Paris, they give a quaint touch of the Oriental.

There is a good deal of amusement going on in Bucharest, and the people are very sociable and hospitable. No one would sit down to table without two or three extra covers in case of unexpected guests arriving. The peasant invites you to share his meal, if it be but a couple of onions, a few boiled beans, and half a melon. But for all that there is no real gaiety, or rather no joy. Never did I see people so sad at heart as are the Roumanians. The very children have a gravity about them unnatural to their years. Their little faces are pinched and pale; their great eyes, fringed with long curling lashes, gleam with intelligence; but their expression is so melancholy that it breaks one's heart to look at them.



ROUMANIAN SHEPHERD.

The Roumanian is never surprised at anything. The *nil admirari* is in his blood: he is born *blasé*. Enthusiasm is to him a thing unknown. The Moldavian peasants who had been bitten by mad wolves, and were sent to Pasteur in Paris, were no more surprised at what they saw in that city than if it had been their native village. Death has no terrors for them. The Roumanian peasant dies with his taper in his hand, with perfect indifference, and with a dignity which is quite Oriental.

When I arrived in the country no lady ever set her foot in the streets. It was not only indecorous to do so, it was impossible, the middle of the thoroughfare being occupied by the drain. Now all the women walk on pavements bordered by shops and cafés, where people eat strawberries, with champagne and ices, seated at little tables, and trying to imitate Parisian ways. Now nothing is spoken in the town but French, whereas forty years ago

VAJDA-HUNYAD CASTLE, ROUMANIA.

Greek was the only language. We criticize the new books and the latest fashions; we cut the reviews as if we lived in one of the faubourgs of Paris, and yet we are divided from Paris by the whole of Europe.

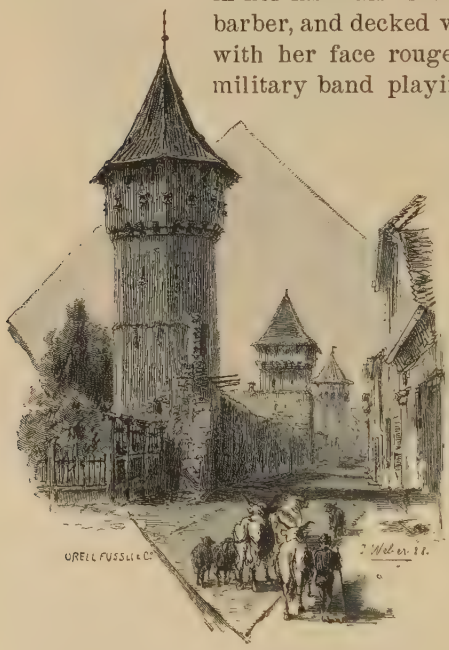
Great fortunes have disappeared in Roumania; the large houses where a hundred sat down to table every day, and as many poor were fed, are closed, and those bearing the grand old names are trying to make a living. Education abroad is fatal to family life, and young people do not know that confession to the mother at the end of each day is a better thing than either the École Centrale or the Lycée Louis le Grand of Paris can give.

No mother is fuller of solicitude than the Roumanian; she is a perfect slave to her children. During the war the devotion of the women of our country greatly astonished the foreign doctors. Some of these women never left the hospital, not even at night; they cared for the poor young soldiers as if they had been their own children, saying to themselves that perhaps to-morrow their own boys might be wrestling with the horrors of death among strangers.

Unfortunately, the sudden changes of climate, and the pestilential marshes which surround Bucharest, are a cause of perpetual anxiety to mothers. Words are powerless to describe the time of

the epidemic of diphtheria, when as many as three children were buried in one coffin, when whole streets were depopulated, the inhabitants all dead: families of five or seven children swept away in one week—the poor mothers going out of their minds. It was like the last plague of Egypt, and the people called this scourge the *white pest.* Not one house was spared.*

It was after this terrible time that taking the dead through the streets in open coffins was put a stop to. Previously a funeral was a kind of public fête; on a funereal car covered with gilded angels, garlands, and ribbons, the dead maiden was carried forth in her last ball dress, with hair dressed by the barber, and decked with flowers, and often even with her face rouged so as to look better! A military band playing Chopin's funeral march followed the corpse. It was like looking on at a "Dance of Death" to see the head of the deceased rolling from one side to the other of the satin pillow, whilst the women shrieked, tore their hair, and smote upon their breasts. Now the loss of all this is made up for by the crowds assembling in the churches, where the dead lie in state, the people jostling each other in their struggles to look on the face of the corpse or to kiss its hand. In the country the dead are still buried in accordance with ancient rites; the obolus for Charon, the ferryman of the Styx, is placed in the mouth of the corpse, corn is put into the coffin, and the body is drenched with wine before it is lowered into the earth.



OLD TOWERS AND WALL, HERMANNSTADT, ROUMANIA.

The people of Bucharest are very fond of flowers; there is not a window in the town without a few pots of geraniums, carnations, or mignonette. As soon as the first snow falls, nothing but

* Pathos is added to this account by the fact that the writer herself lost her only child, a lovely girl four years old, from diphtheria.

sledges are seen in the town; even the carriages are mounted on skates, and the houses are no longer shaken by the perpetual passing of traffic. Sometimes a snow-storm buries the low houses of the faubourgs, and eleven people once perished in a single night at the gates of Bucharest. It is no rare thing for wolves to come into the town.

The great cemetery of Bucharest is worthy of a visit. It commands a view of the whole town, a view which is especially grand in the evening, when the sunset bathes houses, churches, clouds, and dust in a glow of purple and violet tints, with here and there gleaming, scintillating points of light from the roofs and windows. Very touching, and very naïve, too, are the inscriptions on the picturesque tombs, which are adorned with photographs and locks of hair framed in the marble of the crosses. Food is even sometimes placed on the graves, as in the days of the Romans. In fact, the dead are never abandoned, never forgotten. One feels that they are constantly visited; and as night falls the little lamps which shine out on every side, give one an impression of restless, wandering, floating souls, over which one must keep watch.

ROUMANIAN PEASANT.

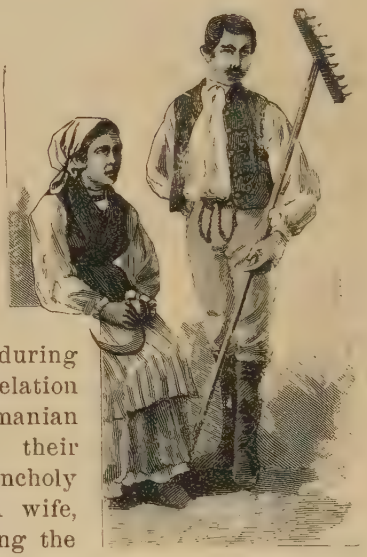
I once passed half a night with an orphan at the grave of her father, who had just been buried, amongst the strange scents peculiar to a cemetery after the great heat of the day, in the silence eloquent with the presence of the countless sleepers beneath the soil. The town shone as if illuminated, and its sounds came muffled by the distance like waves breaking behind the dunes.

One's tears are stanched in the solemnity of the immutable peace—at least this is generally the case; but I remember once seeing an official of high rank, generally cold and impassible

enough, fling himself upon the grave of his children, and tear up the ground with his fingers, calling his lost dear ones by name.

One poetic time at Bucharest is Easter week, when nearly two hundred churches are illuminated every evening. The bells are all clashing together; the people are crowding to offer fresh flowers to the images of the saints. On Good Friday processions carrying torches walk round all the churches, and then take tapers from them to the cemetery with which to deck the graves, even the most neglected receiving each a little light placed on it by charitable hands.

At Easter Eve the King kisses the manuscript gospel whilst it is being read aloud. Then he takes the crucifix and the taper, and everyone comes to kiss the cross, and to light his taper at that of the King. When it strikes midnight all leave the church, to celebrate the resurrection in the open air.



ROUMANIAN PEASANTS.

Many were the heart-rending and touching scenes I witnessed during the war, which were to me a revelation of the strange nature of the Roumanian people, with their superstitions, their childlike piety, their combined melancholy and fun. I have seen a devoted wife, after seeking her husband all along the shores of the Danube and in all the hospitals, finding him at last, broken down and disfigured, to greet him with a mere nod of the head before taking up her post at his bedside, there to nurse him day and night. I have heard some brave hero crying out in his agony for his mother, and covering the hands of that mother with kisses.

Once I was sent for to converse with a young man whose leg had been amputated, and who was in inconsolable despair. Not having been present at the operation, I did not know which leg had been taken off. I sat down on the side of the bed, and remained talking to the poor fellow for a quarter of an hour, he smiling sweetly at me all the time. When I arose, my ladies of honour discovered that I had been sitting on the stump of the lost leg. I still shudder when I think of my stupidity.

"You poor fellow!" I cried; "it must have hurt you terribly."

"I would have borne it many hours for the sake of listening to your voice," he replied.

For four months I had been trying—alas! in vain—to save the life of a young man. About a quarter of an hour before his death someone spoke to me in rather a loud voice near his bed. I leaned over him, and said, "We are making too much noise, are we not?"

"What does that matter," he replied, "if only I can look at you?"

When the end came his mother began to sob and cry; but the people about asked her to be quiet, as they did not want me to know of his death till the next day. And she had the self-control and grandeur of soul to be silent.

On Christmas eve, after a long severe frost, the thaw rendered

TRAVELLING IN ROUMANIA BEFORE THE ERA OF RAILWAYS.

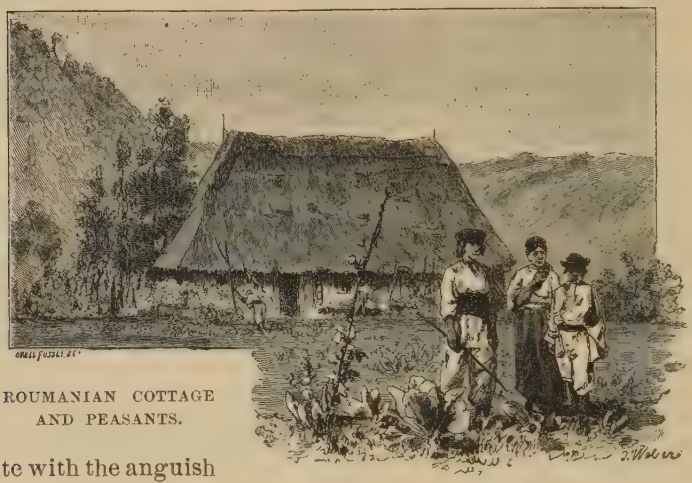
the streets of Bucharest impassable. I was to go and meet the King, who was returning as a victorious hero after five months' absence. I thought it would have been a delirium of joy to me. But I had suffered too much; I had lost the power of rejoicing; I did not know how to be glad. The last days before Plevna had all but destroyed all three armies at once. After a terrible snow-storm the cold had been twenty degrees below zero. The Danube was so encumbered with ice that not a loaf of bread could be sent over it. And now the road between Plevna and Nicopolis was covered with famished crowds. I know not how many left Plevna, but only ten thousand arrived at Nicopolis!

The King started the next day on the same road on his way home to his capital. He had to leave his sledge, for it jolted over corpses. Horror-struck he mounted a horse, and pressed on along this pathway of death, the horse starting and rearing at every step. There were groups of the dead sitting round the last fire they had lit in some deep rut, carts overturned, driver and buffaloes alike frozen in their places, standing up stiff as statues. There

were the dying, their arms upraised to heaven in a final petition before they sank back with a last sigh and expired.

When the King found himself, for the first time in five months, in a warmed and furnished room, with a bed to sleep on, he thought he was in an enchanted palace.

Another snow-storm endangered his life between Magomelli and Craïova, where the train awaited to take him to his capital —draped with flags, decorated with garlands, to welcome back the hero and conqueror—and to his wife, whose hair had turned



ROUMANIAN COTTAGE AND PEASANTS.

white with the anguish through which she had passed, and whose joy resembled grief, so weary was her heart.

Could one but go amongst them, the Tziganes or gypsies would be a most interesting study. They are still, and ever will be pariahs, beggars and thieves, musicians and poets, cowards and complainers, wanderers and heathen, but, oh, so picturesque! Their camp, no matter where it is pitched in the wide plain, is always in charming disorder, and of a marvellous colour, especially in the evening, when the huge red sun of Roumania sets upon the violet horizon beneath the mighty green dome of heaven. The women of the camp wear garments of every imaginable hue, from tender green to brick red and orange yellow. Their nut-brown children run about half naked, their little shirts just covering their shoulders and a bit of their necks. There sit the men, with tangled hair and soft velvety eyes, grouped about the fire, their naked feet against the copper kettles they are tinkering; or we see them gathered about the timber-yards or buildings where they are employed, running about the scaffoldings with the suppleness of Indians, in attitudes and positions that are always

charming. Their language is as sonorous as beaten brass, and their songs are the most beautiful; but it is only with reluctance that they will let anyone hear them.

One of the most interesting sights of Bucharest is the great Fair, to which all flock to buy, amongst other things, everything that is needed to celebrate the Fête of the Dead. This week is one long delight to children. In spite of the broiling sun, in spite of the smothering dust, thousands of carriages succeed each other in the long street. Tramway cars and carriages overflow with people, every window is packed with gaily-decked heads, some very pretty faces amongst them, and, once at the Fair, one wanders round in a labyrinth of little stalls, where terra-cotta pots, wooden pitchers, and glass necklaces are sold. One sees waggon loads of handsome peasant women and pretty children driving off laden with purchases, and in the midst of the noise and confusion, the shouts, the brilliant colours, the bears and the giants, and the ever-thickening clouds of dust, you suddenly see the *calonchar* or old Roman dance begin.

The Roumanians express everything by dancing; men dance together, and women together. The soldiers in the barracks always manage to get a violin, a flute, or a bagpipe, on which someone plays a dance of some kind for them. On a campaign, in war, after the most fatiguing marches, in showers of shot and shell, they still dance, defying the projectiles, until one of the dancers is struck down. Their good humour never fails.

The transformation of Bucharest into a fine modern town in the style of modern taste is now complete. It only appears Oriental to those who come from the West. Those who come from Asia give a sigh of satisfaction as they cross the Danube.

"Ah!" they say to themselves, "here we are in Europe."

Truly we are remarkable sovereigns, for we have managed to accomplish in twenty-five years what it has taken others several centuries to achieve. Railways intersect the country in every direction, taking grain to the sea, cattle to Italy, wood to Panama. There are schools everywhere, and we seem likely to suffer from having hastened our development so much, the upsetting of the equilibrium being especially felt in family life.

Roumania bids fair to become what King Charles dreamt she might—a living artery of Europe. When the crown of the country, of the very existence of which he was ignorant, was offered to a young Hohenzollern prince, he opened the atlas, took a pencil, and seeing that a line drawn from London to Bombay passed through the principality which called him to be its head, he accepted the crown with these words:

"This is a country of the future!"

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE VIA MALA.

# OVER THE SPLÜGEN.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

CATHEDRAL DOORWAY, COIRE.*

I STEPPED on board the steamer at Harwich just as the full moon was rising over the waters. It was the last week in August, and a gentle breeze was blowing up the channel. After nine months' prosaic office work in a flat country, who would not look forward with pleasure to a tramp over the Alps?

Antwerp, Brussels, Luxembourg and Basle—how familiar the stations seemed; even the faces (and certainly the uniforms) of the officials spoke of former "jaunts" on the Continent, and woke pleasant memories of days gone by. Soon we were whirling along through mountain gorges. Pfäfers and Ragatz were passed. At two o'clock in the afternoon, we reached Coire (German, Chur), and here, in soaking rain, I shouldered my knapsack and walked, or rather splashed, up to the hotel.

I had the afternoon to spend in laziness, and the next morning was to begin the first day of hard work. With eagerness I looked forward to it. I was quite alone—no companion but a light cloak, a bag which I was to send ahead of me every morning, and a strong, straight staff of knotty holly which was furnished with a sharp spike at its lower end.

That afternoon, like a deer set free, I wandered up the sides of

* The old cathedral of Coire dates from the thirteenth century. On either side of the gates are two statues in priestly attire, placed back to back, with lions beneath their feet and above their heads. These ancient sculptures bear a striking resemblance to those found in the oldest churches of northern Italy, whence, no doubt, the workmen employed in the construction of the cathedral were obtained.

the great mountains that close around the picturesque little town with impassable walls. The mists hung low and heavy, draping their shoulders in grey cloaks that moved slowly to and fro, as if the vast forms they clothed were breathing gently with heaving chests. The pine trees, with their dusky forms and myriad needles, stood gaunt and sombre like the ranks of some great army suddenly arrested in their march up the mountain. Here and there an officer reared his form above the heads of the rest, and throughout the whole mass the moist wind played a melancholy music.

SCENE IN COIRE.

The air was laden with the delicious odour of damp mould, fresh and sweet, and mingled with it was the fragrance of the pine trees. These mountain odours carry with them an exhilarating and uplifting sense of liberty, freedom and purity that nature alone can give in these her grandest revelations. There is a sense of lightness, of wings to the body. Care vanishes, the future looks bright, and regrets for the past are smoothed over and lose their keenest edge. The wind sings a lullaby to the soothing undernotes of the trees; the cow-bells tinkle sweetly in the distance, and the strong mountain air attunes the soul to a higher level than can be ever attained in the smoky streets of a city. My walk among the dripping pines and over the sopping moss, with the Simplon and Via Mala in prospect for the next day, gave me a good appetite and the soundest sleep I had enjoyed for many weeks.

Next morning, I left Coire shrouded in heavy mist and driving rain, the smoke, curling in dusky wreaths from the chimneys, indicating preparations for many breakfasts. With a light heart, though a damp prospect, I set forth on my lonely journey. My bag was to follow in the midday *diligence,* and was addressed to the hotel on the summit of the pass. The distance was between thirty

and thirty-five miles, and I was doubtful of getting so far before nightfall. As far as the bad weather was concerned, I consoled myself with the consideration that it was far better to commence a trip of this nature under the worst possible meteorological conditions, because then any change must be for the better. Had the weather been brilliant at the start and execrable towards the close of the expedition, I should have been considerably disappointed. As it was, I had no fears and strong hopes.

The road lay in the bed of a valley. On either side, the mountains hid their heads and shoulders in the mists which, "shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind," swept along the mountain sides in heavy grey masses. I longed to pierce their sombre gloom and catch a glimpse of the summits beyond, bathed probably in warm sunlight.

RAVINE OF PASSUGY.

Meanwhile, I passed the little village of Felsberg. Indiscriminately mingling with the quaint cottages and chalets, stood huge, misshapen boulders. Behind one cottage—almost touching it—rose an ugly, black mass of rock, that looked every moment as if it meant to topple over and crush the roof beneath it. Some years before, the village that stood there had been demolished by an enormous land-slide. Half a mile of the mountain slope had moved down towards the valley, and the rock and masses above, loosened from their beds, came crashing down. The village was crushed like an egg-shell, and many lives lost. But in its place, and protected by the position of the boulders, a new village had gradually sprung up and presented a very strange appearance.

Across a bridge that spanned the Rhine lay Reichenau, with

its pretty street and quaint hotel, and here I entered the Domleschg Valley, where the road follows the rushing Hinter-Rhein, and begins the gradual ascent of the valley, which continues through the Via Mala and reaches a climax in the summit of the Splügen.

The day was still, dull, grey and wet. The road was lonely in the extreme; beyond one *diligence* and an occasional road-mender, I saw no one. But this was not solitude. The spirits of the air and mountains, of the clinging mists and great pine woods, sang sweetly to me as I passed along, and the voice of the rushing water was pleasanter by far than the conversation of any companion I could meet.

Then Thusis came in view near the opening of the grim and demoniac-looking gash in the mountain side—the Via Mala. The road, after leaving this charming village, descended for a few

FURSTENAU—OLD AND NEW CASTLES.*

hundred feet to the level of the water, and then plunged straight into the heart of the open-jawed Via Mala—the Evil Way. Straight into this dark defile plunged the path I was to follow, and I quickly passed within the jaws. As I went further in, following the road by the narrow bed of the raging torrent, listening to its roar and to the swish of the moist wind in the pines around me, sweeping the grey, clinging mists up and down in long, wreath-like bands, my spirits rose within me.

*Near here stands the castle of Fürstenau, with its adjacent buildings. The benevolence of its present owner, Herr P. von Planta, has converted the old castle, formerly in the possession of the Bishops of Coire, into a home for invalids, while the new castle serves its owner as a summer residence. The small lake, bordered by dark fir-groves and commanded by the lofty but dilapidated tower, forms a picture both romantic and pleasing. The noble mansion of Fürstenau is here seen to great advantage.

The road, through one of the wildest passes in Switzerland, was first opened in 1473.* It clings in a wonderful way to the face of the stupendous cliffs which form the sides of the defile. Sometimes they seem almost to join overhead and shut out the sky, while the mad Rhine is rushing and tearing along its resistless way many hundreds of feet below—far out of sight, hidden in deepest gloom and shadows. My clothes were soaked through and through, but my life seemed to have mingled with the wild forces around me and no bodily discomforts could affect me.

Suddenly the road crossed a bridge, and transferred its windings to another side of the gorge. On the bridge I saw the first human being I had encountered since entering the defile. He was a rough-looking son of toil, with a shaggy beard and fierce eyes, and shoulders like an ox. There he stood, leaning against the corner where the masonry of the bridge rested on the rocky wall that plunged straight down into the abyss. His hair escaped in untidy tufts from under a nondescript cap of dark brown weather-stained felt, and the absence of any collar on his red flannel shirt showed the strong proportions of his sunburnt, sinewy neck. This motionless and solitary figure so completely harmonized with the surroundings that I took him into my dream without a murmur, and created him at once a spirit of the forest escaped from the singing pines above us and planting himself in the very wildest spot of the whole pass. With his huge form leaning against the dark rocks behind, and the slow mists clinging about his person and hanging their jewelled drops on the hair and straggling beard, and even on the eyelashes that overhung his fierce eyes, he looked the personification of the spirit that for ever and ever wails its solemn song among the pine forests and fastnesses of the Via Mala.

MOUNTAIN CHALET AND CHURCH.

The scene irresistibly reminded me of the vivid description that Shelley's Beatrice gives to Orsino in "The Cenci":

> "But I remember,
> Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
> Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,
> And winds with short turns down the precipice;

* It will be of interest to trace this narrow, winding way in our illustration on page 550.

And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings seems slowly coming down ; . . .

"Beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness
The melancholy mountain yawns ; below
You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm ; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars, and yews and pines ; whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night."

I afterwards learned that years before a Russian gentleman had come over the pass on foot, accompanied by his only son, a boy of twelve, in whom his whole heart and life were centred. The lad running on, had, in an adventurous mood, scrambled up on to the wall of the bridge and walked across it, balancing himself with outstretched arms. He reached the other end of the wall just as his father set foot on the bridge. Seeing his son's danger, he shouted to him to jump down into the road, and at the same time rushed forward, with outstretched arms, to seize him and hurry him away from the edge of the gulf. His son mistook the command and the gestures for a call to return, and steadily walked out again to the centre of the bridge wall. Just as the father reached the spot where his son stood waiting to take his hand and spring down into the road, his foot stumbled against a loose stone, and stretching out his arm to save himself, he fell heavily forward against the boy, upsetting him on the very brink of the chasm. With a loud cry that rose above the water's hiss, the boy fell backwards and disappeared into the shadows of the gulf below. His body was never found; but, for years afterwards, with a regularity that never failed, the unhappy Russian used to return to the spot where he had slain his child, and hover round the bridge for days and days. At length, he took up his abode in Thusis, where some few years ago he died in madness. The peasants, however, aver that he may still be seen in stormy weather, standing on the bridge, or leaning over the stone parapet, gazing into the hideous maw of the dark abyss, where the mad undercurrents had torn his boy to pieces and robbed him of even a decent burial.

At 7.30 that night I reached the Splügen village, tired, wet and

hungry. A turn in the road revealed the roofs and chimneys of the houses, and the church steeple rising picturesquely from their midst. The air was chilly and moist, although the rain had ceased falling. On all sides the great mountains rose up, shrouded in mists and pine forests. There was a delicious feeling of life in the air, brisk, keen, invigorating; making the blood to run apace through my veins, and making the weariness of my tired muscles as nothing, under the stimulus it brought to my brain and imagination.

FIRST BRIDGE ON THE VIA MALA.

Next day at 8.30 a.m., I was trudging on again, every step bringing me nearer to the warm woods of Italy. The weather had changed for the better, and occasional glimpses of the higher mountains were visible far away among the clouds. The first day among mountains they seem always to be so enormously higher —greater—and more terrific in their sublime grandeur than when one has grown familiar with them after a larger acquaintance. But their deeper beauties are only revealed to those who linger among them, and love to study their every shape, colour and contour; to climb from their lower green slopes to the icebound peaks beyond, and to watch them, as expressions of *mind,* in every mood and change of feeling.

The little path wound up and up—higher and higher—and, thoroughly refreshed and invigorated, I soon distanced a party of Italians who were on their way back to their native country; and, in the solitariness I so dearly loved, pushed forward at a

brisk pace. The higher I mounted, the clearer the weather became, and with every hundred feet, the valley below me offered new beauties to the eye. Soon I stood upon the summit of the pass. There was a hut, a triangular piece of ground, and a post in its centre; and there I stood, halting between Switzerland and Italy—on the watershed of the two countries—looking back to the wild fastnesses of the rugged Schweizerland, and forward into the dreamland of radiant beauty, that "paradise of exiles," Italy.

One last look upon the grand giants behind me; one more long drinking in of their fascinating splendours—grim, terrible, sublime—to fasten the picture more permanently in the memory, before I began the descent which would soon hide all but the higher peaks from my view!

"There is something," says a writer on "Alpine Climbing," "in mountain scenery—in the lofty peaks and the shadowy ravines, and the abrupt precipices; in the light and glory which rest upon the heights, and the strange gloom and apparently haunted darkness which fill the mysterious depths—that exercises a special influence on the imagination and thoughts of men." Professor Tyndall has somewhere truly said that "half the interest of mountain scenery is psychological; that the soul absorbs, so to speak, the sentiment and sympathy of the surrounding nature, and in its turn becomes majestic, rising to the height of great and lofty ideas," and most of us who have been alone among the mountains will appreciate the force of his words.

I commenced the descent. A series of zigzags—down! down! down! Soon the road entered a tunnel, but, before going in, I stepped to the unprotected edge and peered over. Far beneath in the valley lay a village, with a long white road threading through it, in and out of the houses and fields. I began to realize that I really was no longer in Switzerland, but in Italy. The air was growing warmer, and as the road descended, a denser vegetation of beautiful chestnut trees was beginning to appear; and for their cool shade I was often very grateful. I was struck by the energy shown by the women in the hay-fields, using the rakes with both hands and ignoring the fierce heat of the noonday sun. How they laughed at my knickerbockers, too, and high spats.

On I tramped, down the white, hot road under the chestnut trees. A number of women were driving before them a herd of goats along the zigzag of the road above me, singing a song, whose plaintive, weird melody harmonized beautifully with the scene. As the road wound lower and lower, I could hear the faint tinkle of the goats' bells, and the women's song sounded out from the road above me, dying away at length in the distance.

SECOND BRIDGE OF THE VIA MALA.

Before sunset I reached Chiavenna. The following day I found myself at Colico. Before me lay the northern arm of Lake of Como, its waters sparkling in sunshine, bluer than the azure of the skies they reflected, and lying within a setting of mountains whose lower slopes were clothed with cypress trees and soft

chestnut woods, and whose summits fled far away into the dim blue distance of the hazy September day.

The steamer arrived, and we sailed away over the laughing waters.

> "It seemed as if the day were one
> Sent from beyond the skies,
> Which shed to earth above the sun
> A light of paradise."

The blue waters rippled past the steamer's side; the distant hills, in their soft vegetation, looked hazy and warm; while, far away in the still hazier heights, glimmered the white peaks and cool, snowy slopes of the mountains I had crossed the day before.

Bellagio, as is well known, is situated on an isthmus—hilly, and in some places precipitous; with vineyards climbing up its higher slopes, and pines and yews crowding down to the edge of the lake. Memories of the lovely sunset behind the jagged outline of the Chiavenna precipices were still strong in my brain; but that night as I strolled out after dinner, through the gardens of the "Grande Bretagne," I beheld a scene of exquisite loveliness that for hours cast its magic spell over my spirit. A string band played in the verandah of the hotel behind me, and the violins sang to the night with such sweetness they must have known that their notes were throbbing into the same air that had fed their greatest makers. Cremona was not so very far away; Stradivarius, Amati, Guaruerius, and Bergonzi—all had felt and known the intoxicating beauty of these wondrous summer nights in Italy. I strolled slowly to and fro, listening to the strains of music that floated out and mingled so softly with the dreamy atmosphere. Far out on the lake, beyond the shadows of the trees and heights, the moon's reflection gave life to the calm surface of the dreaming waters, and lit up with a hazy and delicious light the forms of the towering mountains on the opposite shores. These mountains, in softened outline, rose up against the darkening sky, and along their lower slopes gleamed the twinkling lights of the scattered villages. Mingling with them in the nearer distance were the fanciful Chinese lanterns swinging from the boats which glided silently to and fro like water-ghosts. What dreamy and delicious music floated from the strings into the silent night air, and can I ever forget the sublimity of Gounod's *Ave Maria*, as the first violin—a full-toned Cremona—poured forth its liquid notes in that beautiful "Meditation,"

> "Hark! Spirits speak. The liquid responses
> Of their aërial tongues yet sound."

From time to time, too, I could hear the tinkle of the distant

cow-bells, and the resonant echoes of the village Campanili, now near, now far, mingled softly with the subdued hum of night.

> "We heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
> The manifold soft chimes
> That fill the haunted chambers of the night
> Like some old poet's rhymes."

A week later, on Lake Maggiore, I witnessed an interesting regatta, at which the Queen of Italy herself was present, and a week after that found myself in the Hospice on the Simplon, chattering French with the monks, attending their chapels, playing with their St. Bernard puppies, and enjoying the lonely heights, the wild winds, and the simple life on the summit of the solitary pass. Hence, following the Rhone valley for a short distance, I branched off northwards, and, in a terrific snow-storm, crossed the grim, majestic Gemmi, skirting its haunted lake, the Dauben Sea, and bringing my tramp to a finish at Thun.

VIEW OF THE ALPS FROM THE MULNER HORN.

Alas! the tour was over, but the keenest enjoyment in connection with it was yet to come; for it is in the pleasures of memory that lie the more lasting delights—softened with time—of such a mountain tramp as this. The inclemencies of stormy weather and the fierce rays of the afternoon suns lose their unpleasantness, and only form a wild or sweet setting to the picture. For myself, I must confess, there is no such thing as *bad* weather. All weathers to me are glorious—all kinds of weather speak to me with penetrating voices full of meaning and power. Each has its own voice. The cold, leaden sky, the fierce winds, the soft, summer airs and the silent snows, whisper strangely to me of wide infinitudes beyond—of other spheres of higher, freer, stronger living than ever we can realize in this world. In the windless skies—in the unmoved deeps of the great seas—written somewhere on the wild precipices of the mountains and among the dim forests, concealed on the fairy faces of summer flowers and gleaming down from the stars of black midnight, we may look for the highest revelations of the Divine.

# CATHERINE BOOTH—THE MOTHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.*

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

## I.

CATHERINE BOOTH.

THE Salvation Army is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. Its beginning was small and feeble, but its growth and

*"The Life of Catherine Booth—The Mother of the Salvation Army." By F. De L. BOOTH-TUCKER. Vol. I., octavo, pp. xxi.-457; vol. II., pp. xxi.-496. London: "International Headquarters." Toronto: William Briggs. Price $4.00.

extension has become so rapid and widespread, that in less than ten years it has encircled the globe. Like all good movements, it has encountered formidable difficulties; its soldiers have endured persecutions that would have daunted less courageous souls. They have truly endured hardships like good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and have not counted even their lives dear unto them.

Some of our readers may not approve of all the methods of the Salvation Army. Their parades, headed by brass bands, big drums and tambourines, may partake too much of military display, and thus be regarded as not in harmony with the example of Him of whom it was said, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street." We must not forget, however, that the same Divine Lord, whom Isaiah thus foretold, delivered His grandest sermon on a mount, and preached to multitudes from a ship, and also commanded His disciples to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." In the parable of the great Supper are these words, "Go out quickly into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

The success which has attended the labours of the Salvation Army, is such that we cannot but regard it as being a child of Providence. No other organization of modern times has accomplished so much in the same space of time. To those who have been opposed to the Army and have done their utmost to stay its progress, we might apply the words of Gamaliel at the council: "Refrain from these men and let them alone, for if this counsel or this work be of men it will come to nought, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

The Rev. William Booth, commonly known as General Booth, is the recognized head of the Salvation Army, and, no doubt, throughout his whole eventful career, he has displayed such distinguished ability as justly entitles him to the position which he occupies. Those who knew him in youth, and were conversant with his early career, always regarded him as one who would make his mark among men. He was a bold, daring youth, who knew little of fear, and was always ready to brave danger. Had he chosen the position of soldier in the British army, no doubt he would have been promoted from the ranks.

Happily he became a Christian. He was converted when only fifteen years of age. How many of those who have been the greatest ornaments in the Christian Church, and have turned others to righteousness, have embraced Christianity in the morning of life. What an example for our youthful readers.

Young Booth soon gave evidence of the change which he had experienced. He became an out-and-out Christian. His hours of labour were protracted, and as he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, his time was largely occupied in providing for the maintenance of the family, but he found leisure to hold cottage-meetings and open-air services, to the great annoyance of some who considered such proceedings as not in harmony with the decorum of those days.

The superintendent of the circuit regarded him with favour, and after he had been a local preacher two years, urged him to enter the ministry. This was in accordance with his own wishes, but a medical man pronounced him "totally unfit for the strain of a Methodist preacher's life, and declared that twelve months of it would land him in the grave, and send him to the Throne of God to receive punishment for suicide." This was a sad discouragement to Mr. Booth, but this was not all. His zeal provoked many, though not to good works. They thought to quench his zeal; hence one said, "Young man, there is too much of the shroud in your preaching;" others said, "Your sermons do not display sufficient marks of study!"

Mr. Booth eventually found himself in the ranks of the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion. But he did not feel comfortable when merely doing the routine work of circuit minister. He wished to labour as an evangelist, for which everybody allowed that he was eminently qualified. The Conference, however, would not employ him in this capacity. This led to his withdrawal from that body. All the other Methodist conferences in England at that time acted much in the same manner respecting evangelists. Hence, for a time it seemed uncertain as to what course the future General would pursue. His course, however, was soon made clear.

"It is not good for man to be alone." William Booth believed the truth of this sentiment, and from reading the life of his sainted wife, we have come to the conclusion that if ever a marriage was according to Divine appointment, that of William Booth and Catherine Mumford belongs to that category, and while we are not disposed to deprive him of the title of "General" of the Salvation Army, his beloved wife has justly earned the title of "Mother" of that army.

A friend of ours has said, "Catherine Booth reproduces, to our mind, in her person, the intellectual strength of St. Catherine of Alexandria; the organizing skill of St. Catherine of Sienna, and the burning zeal of St. Theresa of Castile. She had the faculty of inspiring enthusiastic love and service; she exercised

a strange spell over the minds of countesses and court dames in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, as well as over the cadgers and outcasts of Whitechapel and Seven Dials."

This remarkable woman was a native of Derbyshire, England, where she was born January 17, 1829, and died in London, October 11, 1890. She was largely indebted to her mother, by whom she was carefully trained. Being asked what were the main characteristics which had helped her through life, she said, "I give a high place to the sense of responsibility, which I have felt from my earliest days, in regard to anybody who came in any way under my influence." Her mother took special pains in teaching her the study of the Bible, which she looked upon as the supreme fountain of wisdom. Before she was twelve years of age, Catherine had read the sacred book from cover to cover eight times, thus laying the foundation of that intimate knowledge and exceptional familiarity with the Divine revelation, which made so profound an impression upon all who knew her.

Mrs. Booth's father took an active part in the Temperance movement, and while she was yet a child, she not only became acquainted with the agents of Temperance reform of those days, but also became familiar with the literature which was disseminated on the subject. She contributed to various periodicals, and could ably defend her position, even when drawn into debate with persons of more than ordinary ability. She was a sensitive child. Once when she saw a burly policeman dragging a poor inebriate to prison, who had none to pity him, she placed herself by his side and walked with him to the prison door, in effect declaring to the poor fellow that there was one little heart which could sympathize with him in his misfortune.

Her sympathy in early life was also excited on behalf of the brute creation. She once risked her life while remonstrating with a boy who was beating a donkey in a most unmerciful manner.

Mrs. Booth's parents removed to London, and both were members of the Wesleyan Church. The daughter, when about sixteen, became greatly concerned about her soul's salvation. She was accustomed to place her Bible and hymn-book under her pillow, praying that she might wake up with the assurance of salvation. She says:

"One morning as I opened my hymn-book, my eyes fell upon the words,

> 'My God, I am thine! what a comfort divine,
> What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!'

Scores of times I had read and sung these words, but now they came home to my inmost soul with a force and illumination they never before

possessed. It was as impossible for me to doubt, as it had been before for me to exercise faith. . . . I no longer hoped I was saved, I was certain of it. . . . I jumped out of bed, and, without waiting to dress, ran into my mother's room and told her what had happened."

Catherine wisely went with her mother to class-meeting. The class-leader understood her business, and sought to train her members for usefulness. Among other things, she insisted that they should pray aloud in class. Poor Catherine told her leader she could not do so, and that the effort made her ill. The leader said, "You will be of use by-and-by if you overcome this timidity and employ your gifts, but if you don't, you won't." She certainly did "overcome" and "employ her gifts." Many years afterwards she was conducting a meeting in a highly respectable church, when she invited some sister to pray. There was no response, until at length a brave woman broke the silence, though she became almost hysterical with sobs, to which the Mother of the Army said, "Never mind, sister, go on, if you choke."

Like many others, Catherine Mumford became greatly interested in the Reform movement which agitated the Wesleyan Church in England in 1849–52. She was a teacher in a Sunday-school which had been established by the Reformers. For a time, William Booth occupied the pulpit. He and Catherine Mumford thus became acquainted, and in due time were married.

Mr. Booth became a minister in the Methodist New Connexion. He laboured with great acceptance, and was made abundantly useful. London, Guernsey, York, Hull, Sheffield, Leeds and many other places were visited by him and his noble wife in their evangelistic tours, and thousands of souls were born into the Kingdom.

Mr. Booth soon became aware of the valuable fellow-labourer he had in his wife. She nobly seconded all his efforts, and always stood by him in the most dangerous conflicts. She was a true heroine, for, though children were born, and she naturally desired that, for their sake, they might have a settled home, she could not bear that her "dear William" should toil alone.

On several occasions, bands of men were sent out by the publicans to sing down the processionists, who not unfrequently started a hymn to the same popular tune, thus defeating the would-be-disturbers with their own weapons.

The following written in a letter to her husband, when the news of the fall of Sebastopol reached England, shows Mrs. Booth's abhorrence of war:

"The bells are ringing and guns firing on account of the news that Sebastopol is taken, but I cannot enter into the spirit of the victory. I

picture the gory slain, and the desolated homes and broken hearts attending it, and feel saddened. What a happy day will it be for the world when all Christians shall protest against war; when each poor mistaken Peter shall have heard Jesus say, 'Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' What a fearful prediction, if it applies to nations as well as to individuals! And hitherto it *has* been fulfilled in the history of the world. If it is yet to be fulfilled in *our* history, what will be our fate as a people?"

While at Gateshead, Mrs. Booth published her first pamphlet, entitled "On Female Ministry," in defence of the preaching of the sainted Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. It was not long before she was called to practise what she had defended, viz., to "preach." She would not have presumed to enter upon this high vocation had she not believed that she was called of God to do so, as was Aaron. Here is her own account of this new departure twenty years after she had crossed the "Rubicon":

"I felt as though I would sooner die than speak, and then the devil said, 'Besides, you are not prepared; you will look like a fool, and will have nothing to say.' He made a mistake; he overreached himself for once. It was this that settled it. 'Ah!' I said, 'This is just the point; I have never yet been willing to be a fool for Christ; now I will be one.'

"Without stopping another moment, I rose up from my seat and walked down the aisle. My dear husband was just going to conclude. He thought something had happened to me, and so did the people. We had been there two years, and they knew my timid, bashful nature. He stepped down and asked me, 'What is the matter, my dear?' I replied, 'I want to say a word!' He was so taken by surprise, that he could only say, 'My dear wife wishes to speak,' and sat down. For years he had been trying to persuade me to do it. Only that very week he had wanted me to go and address a little cottage-meeting of some twenty working people, but I had refused.

"I stood—God only knows how—and if any mortal ever did hang on the arm of Omnipotence, I did. I felt as if I were clinging to some human arm, but it was a divine one which held me up. I just stood and told the people how it had come about. I confessed, as I think everybody should who has been in the wrong and has misrepresented the religion of Jesus Christ. I said, 'I daresay many of you have been looking upon me as a very devoted woman, and one who has been living faithfully to God. But I have come to realize that I have been disobeying Him, and thus have brought darkness and leanness into my soul. I have promised the Lord to do so no longer, and have come to tell you that henceforth I will be obedient to the holy vision.'"

Mrs. Booth had now entered upon a new phase of her extraordinary life, in which she was to win many laurels for Christ.

As might be expected, the withdrawal of Mr. and Mrs. Booth from the Methodist New Connexion was a bitter trial to them both, and now here they were, out of work and without income,

with children depending upon them. For a few years, theirs was a life of anxiety, though they were not without friends. Mr. Booth had been labouring some time at the East end in London, when he became impressed that this was the place which he should make his headquarters. Mrs. Booth writes:

"I sat gazing into the fire, and the devil whispered to me, 'This means another start in life.' . . . We had not then the measure of light upon the subject, which subsequent events afforded, and we were afraid even to ask for a collection in such a locality (East end). . . . After a momentary pause for thought and prayer, I replied, 'Well, if you feel you ought to stay, stay; we have trusted the Lord for our support, and we can trust Him again.'"

Their faith was honoured. Mr. Samuel Morley, the distinguished philanthropist, frequently rendered them efficient aid. Their book of sacred songs sold enormously, all the profits of which were devoted to the prosecution of the holy war. Mrs. Booth was ready at every opportunity to go forth and speak anywhere. All her addresses were characterized by intense earnestness. Sometimes she spoke with such boldness, in denouncing various forms of evil, that her hearers trembled as the trumpet tones sounded in their ears. Her denunciations of the liquor traffic were at times terrific. The Salvation Army makes no compromise with the body-killing, soul-destroying traffic. The author of Mrs. Booth's Life, her gifted son-in-law, says:

"The Salvation Army is the sole religious organization of the day which has boldly dared to make the subject an absolute test, not only for holding office, but even for membership, and in doing so it has doubtless led the way to a much-needed reform in which, sooner or later, the various churches will be bound to follow suit."

Mrs. Booth speaks on this subject like a latter-day prophetess, as the following extract will show:

"By your peace of conscience on a dying bed; by the eternal destiny of your children; by your concern for the glory of God; by the love you owe your Saviour, I beseech you, banish the drink! Banish it from your tables; banish it from your homes, and above all, banish it from His house. Banish those who manufacture this distilled damnation; those who rob man of his reason, woman of her virtue, and children of their patrimony and bread! Cease to recognize, not only as Christians, but as men, those who feed on the weaknesses, wickedness and sufferings of others. Hoist the flag of death over the breweries and dram-shops.

"Christians of England! The time is come when to remain silent on this drink question is high treason to Christ. Tell us no more of charity to brewers and publicans. Your false charity has consigned millions to hell. Such charity savours of the devil. Its speech betrayeth it. Arise and fight this foe; you will come off more than conqueror, for your God will fight for you."

# THE WHOLE WORLD KIN.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SHERLOCK.

"God hath made of one, every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. . . . That they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us."—R. V. So spake the man who first flung against the proud philosophy of Athens the testimony of the Kingdom of God. The representatives of that philosophy would feel it an insult to their intelligence to have the apostle of a crucified Jew utter so new and humbling a theory. But that truth, voiced in a few short sentences, was a seed whose vitality has not only resisted the hostile inertia of ignorance, and the fierce enmity of age-long and organized selfishness, but after more than eighteen centuries have elapsed, is now developing into a magnificent tree of liberty and righteousness.

This idea was not an original one with Paul, for the Master, although a Jew, had preached His most radical and essential Gospel to a Samaritan woman; had found the best exhibition of the spirit of His kingdom in a Samaritan man; had told the Syro-Phœnician woman that her faith was great, and had found in a Roman centurion even greater faith than anywhere in Israel. The evangelistic commission, His last charge to His disciples before He ascended into Heaven, was a death-blow aimed at all selfish class distinctions among men. It contained in it a prophecy of the extinction of all oppression, slavery, race hatreds and every form of evil by which man assumes the right to keep his fellow-man on a plane below himself. He whose personal virtue-force makes the Gospel the power of God unto salvation, is the great, true Democrat of all the ages. "In His name the Gentiles trust," and they have good reason, for He is a light to lighten the Gentiles into such a high and holy manhood as makes them the true children of God.

Nineteenth century gospel missions, by the great variety of tribes experimented on, have forever demonstrated the basal solidarity of the human family. Religion covers the highest department of human thought and interest, and the capacity for true religion is proved to be the one characteristic that differentiates the lowest man from the highest brute. We are triumphantly safe in the assertion that Christ's is the highest and purest form of religion that ever confronted the intelligence of any race of mankind. As it has been abundantly proved, that every nation-

ality, in which Christian agencies have had reasonable time to operate, has furnished its quota of characters transformed by the Holy Spirit, there is in that victorious fact a proof that the whole world is kin in the common possession of a nature that is receptive of God.

The title of this article is the name of a respectable volume of over 600 pages, and embellished with twenty-seven illustrations. It portrays, apparently by the hand of a relative, the career of a nineteenth-century hero. His name was Nathan Brown, and a hint in the biography points to the probable connection of his ancestry with that of John Brown, the anti-slavery martyr. Certainly, if the tendency to philanthropic self-sacrifice is a fact of heredity, the life of our subject would furnish a shining illustration of the presumed affinity.

The State of Vermont contains the home of his ancestry and the place of his birth, and the household life and associations of his boyhood seem to have been as helpful to the production of high Christian ideals in his heart as, perhaps, any environment found on this continent could have been. But the best environments often surround very mean characters, and when God designs to produce a grand character, whatever may be the environment, He develops or selects the individual whose power comes from what is inherent in himself. So comes Abram from the semi-heathenism of Ur; Moses from the paganism of Egypt; Elijah from the commonplace "inhabitants of Gilead"; Peter from the fishing-boats of Galilee; Luther from the narrow asceticism of a Romish monastery. The surroundings may modify the shape, but the vital force is in the individual nature. Young Nathan was intensely conscientious as a boy, and also very devout. When very young he trudged a considerable distance to ask a reputedly atheistic neighbour, "Do you believe the Bible?" and with innocent intrepidity told him, "There is a God." Fearing that the possession of a discarded fragment of lumber he had picked up was a theft, he would not rest until it was returned to where it originally lay. At the age of nine he was converted, and united with the Baptist church of the locality.

He grew into young manhood an industrious, studious and pious character. College days began when he was about seventeen. His enthusiasm for study kept him to his books, even through his vacations, and he was among the most proficient and successful of the students. It is told us that "his religious purpose had become concentrated while at college, largely through the influence of the devout president." Happy is the college whose highest officer will not allow the claims of God to be

eclipsed by the claims of science, and who realizes that the highest education is the development of what is moral and spiritual in man. At the age of nineteen this youthful genius uttered the longings of his soul in a blank verse poem entitled, "The Missionary," in which the life-work which absorbed his heart's enthusiasm for about half a century, is in imaginative prospect descried and embraced.

But before these aspirations had opportunity of realization, we find him earnestly at work in the temperance movement, which just about that time (1827) was beginning to stir the more earnest spirits in the churches and outside of them. He engaged for a while in the editing of a religious weekly. In its pages he fought against slavery and other public sins with a boldness and incisiveness that alienated some of his friends. But his heart hungered ever after foreign mission work, and in 1832 he cut loose from the paper and entered a theological seminary, remaining there for about a year. In his first efforts at preaching he followed the academic practice of reading a manuscript sermon. But having within him the heart of a true preacher, he writes to a friend just then, "I concluded not to read again. It did not seem to me to be preaching," and so of his first attempt to really "preach," he says: "The Lord was pleased to give me freedom in speaking from my text." In August he was ordained, and in December he embarked for Burmah, apparently without any expectation of ever returning to America during life, so complete and absolute was his consecration to the work that he had chosen for life. "Next to a crown of glory," he writes to a friend, "I choose a missionary's life on earth." About a year and a half previous to his embarkation, he was married to a lady who seems to have been his equal in hearty consecration to the work of God. The voyage to Burmah occupied four months. Here, in the same geographical region in which the famous Judson spent his devoted life, he began that career to which he had looked forward with such eagerness.

Two years were spent in Burmah. To say that the record of his time is interesting, is to use a very tame expression. We are introduced to the martyr-minded Judson; gain glimpses of the student and preacher life of Mr. Brown, and also of the work of intelligent and industrious Christian philanthropy in which his noble wife was so great a blessing. His literary powers found ample exercise in the preparation of Burmese grammars and vocabularies, and in the translation of tracts, hymns and portions of the Bible into the vernacular. Personal contact with the native mind for purposes of evangelization and conversion were

by no means neglected. These two years had their bright successes, especially in the conversion of some who developed into effective preachers to their own people.

A new missionary enterprise to the country of Assam having been determined on, "Mr. Brown was set apart to the work, to be accompanied by a printer and a press," and so he set his face to go down into the new mine, Dr. Judson warmly approving. This change involved his going to Calcutta and being delayed there; but, like Paul at Athens, he would not be idle while waiting. He preached often in English, continued his study of the Shan language, and began the practice of substituting Roman letters for the native characters in printing the languages of India. This greatly facilitates the translation of English literature into those languages, and especially its reading by English students.

The mission party had to go 800 miles, most of the way up the Brahmapootra, their boats being hauled by natives on the bank. In the jungle forests which lined the banks of this mighty river, wild elephants, tigers, leopards, buffaloes, hogs and the like abounded, and in the river "snags and sawyers" and thousands of crocodiles. Ten weary weeks were passed on the river. When they reached their destination at the foot of the Himalayas, they found themselves in the midst of a heathenism differing a little in form, but fully as dark and demoralizing as that which they had left behind them in Burmah. Local war necessitated removal from his first location, but the indefatigable missionary lost no time. The printing press was set up again and daily evening worship held with the natives.

About midway between the dates of their arrival in Assam and the close of their term of work in that country, Mrs. Brown visited her native land. A crisis in missionary matters seemed impending; retrenchment began to cast its dark shadow over the prospects of their work, while at the same time the health of their children demanded their removal. Her two years' stay in America was spent very largely in visiting the churches in order to arouse interest in the Assam mission. So great was her success, that instead of retrenchment there went back with her a reinforcement of three missionaries with their wives, making a party of seven. Again at Calcutta, where her husband met her, another weary voyage up that 800 miles of tropical river, and another series of missionary years, years the record of which bristles on almost every page with scenes and incidents showing the missionary's Christian enterprise and faithfulness. Curiosities of heathen customs, encounters with Buddhist, Brahman and Mohammedan priests or monks, happy deaths of converts, surprise of the heathen

at the purity of the missionary's life, at the freedom and elevation of the Christian woman, are the things that mark the record of these years.

In these pages the door of the mission-house is opened, and while the Christian Padre is seen at his translation, the "Mem Sahib," his wife, is training some Assamese girls to keep house, to knit, to sew, to be cleanly, to sing, to know Jesus, to pray. These missionary wives, how blessed their influence! How their beautiful ministry, their holy example, their domestic purity, motherly genius and general elevation of character, on those lines of Christian life which woman is so fitted to exemplify, shed on the heathen mind a constant influence like the sunshine of heaven itself.

It is a matter of great satisfaction that, in the days we are living in, it is more clearly seen that it is not good that man should be alone in Christian work. Husbandhood and wifehood, fatherhood and motherhood are never found in their true beauty, except where Calvary and Pentecost have had supreme influence on the human heart. A Christian family is a powerful missionary agency, which Roman Catholic missions must of necessity be without, and that lack is one of the causes why, as civilizing forces, their missions fall so far behind those of Protestantism.

Nineteen years of faithful, enterprising and intelligent labour in Assam resulted in success sufficient to prove that Assam will have its full share of trophies of gospel conflict when all the tribes and nations of earth have sent their representatives to swell the song of the redeemed in glory. Our hero had the satisfaction of completing an excellent translation of the Scriptures, the first ever made into the language of the country. The value of such an achievement is incalculable.

In 1854 Mrs. Brown writes, "We begin to think seriously of leaving Assam and returning to America for the restoration of our health. My heart shrinks from the trial of leaving my dear school and prayer-meeting, all our little interests here." In the latter days of 1855 they bade adieu to Assam, and in due time reached their native land. Twenty-one years of such labour as Mr. Brown had given, in a climate and surroundings like those of Burmah and Assam, fully entitled him to a season of rest and recuperation. We insert here some graphic words of a Chinese missionary on "missionary vacations," outlining with a startlingly truthful pen the conditions under which many foreign missionaries keep on working:

"No associations or institutes for him; no Monday conferences. Down he goes into the social mire, the intellectual torpor, the spiritual death of

heathenism. He dwells among the tombs. Henceforth it is to be with him a perpetual giving out, never a taking in. The heathen around him do not live in his atmosphere ; they don't think his thoughts ; they don't breathe his spirit. He is alone. The word never had a meaning before ; it has now. True, he has papers and books, and they are passably well for a time, but they never talk ; they never respond to what he is saying ; they are never conscious of his presence ; they never smile or shed a tear ; they are voiceless and pulseless and bloodless. All this while the climate is racking and debilitating. His nerves become unsteady. The unvarying sameness of things around him is endurable for a few years, but at last, like iron rust, it eats into the soul. Is it strange that after eight or ten years of such service as this, a missionary should ask to be let off the wheel for a time? There is an overwhelming sense of exhaustion. Is it strange that he should be so human as to wish to breathe for a while once more the upper air of a Christian land? Or that, like David, he should long for one good drink from the old well at Bethlehem where he had been brought up?"

Soon after Mr. Brown's return to his native land, he became prominent in matters concerning the home management of the missions of his denomination, and when fully recuperated, he entered again into editorial work, doing valiant and efficient literary service to the cause he had given his best years to promote. "Whatever else he might have to do, he never ceased to be heart and soul a missionary."

The moral excitements and stormy debates of the years just preceding the Civil War of Negro Emancipation came on apace, and the paper that he edited was not the feeblest among the forces for abolition. He threw himself into the contest with the ardour of a martyr and the intelligence of a statesman.

His biographer says: "Through all this varied experience, the missionary's sense of universal kinship increased year by year." "This is what the world was made for," he said, when the Atlantic cable was laid. "The world," he adds, "was not made to be forever the abode of scattered groups of isolated nationalities with no common bond of sympathy, worrying, wasting and destroying one another. Everything tends towards the establishment of a grand commonwealth of nations; a republic for the globe. All we need is the acknowledgment of Jesus as our King and Lawgiver."

Fifteen years of his native air restored him to manly vigour, and although sixty-five years of age, we find him designated to the new enterprise of a mission to Japan, of which he was to be the controlling head. "If I can live ten years and can give the Japanese the New Testament, and see a Baptist church of fifty members in Yokohama, I shall feel that it has paid to send me out," he said. He laboured for two years in the new locality

with his companions without any tangible success. Earthquakes, disastrous fires, cholera, storms, vary the narrative instead of "sunderbunds" and crocodiles and river floods, as in Assam. In 1879 he had touched the goal of his ambition, when he completed the translation of the New Testament into the Japanese language. He believed that the pure Japanese conveyed the sense of the original, with a distinctness which terms derived from the Chinese could never present to an ordinary Japanese mind.

We give some original ideas of his on the Bible, which, coming from one whose scholarship never exceeded his spirituality, are worthy of consideration.

"Papists have foisted upon Scripture the ideas of Paganism; Protestants have borrowed the ideas of Papists; Baptists have followed in the wake of other Protestants, until the Bible is covered with glosses, about as thick as those of the Scribes and Pharisees, which the Saviour swept away with such terrible energy. I think the Bible will emerge from the dust and haze which has been thrown around it, but will emerge a very different book from what either Protestant or Papist makes it. The more I have studied the New Testament, the more I believe it is a book to be taken in a common-sense way, and that for a common reader it is a good deal better without a commentary than with one."

With which we largely agree, for commentaries are very much like labour-saving machines, giving the results of another man's study, which becomes a substitute for that prolonged, patient, conscientious perusal, without which the real thought of the inspired writer is seldom grasped so as to become assimilated in the mind of the reader.

Another version was afterwards made by the Yokohama Translation Committee, of which Mr. Brown was a member. Booklets and tracts were issued by the thousand from the mission press, which he managed himself. "The people seemed almost wild to get the Gospel narratives in their own vernacular."

Of his noble thoughts concerning Christian Union and the Church of the future, we have space only for the following: "God will select for the Church of the future all the excellencies to be found in each existing Church. Then shall the will of God be done on earth as it is in heaven."

At length increasing years brought feebleness to the stalwart frame, but he continued his translating and revising work even when unable to sit at the table, and until the paper dropped from the weary hands on the bed where he lay. His death was a beautiful one, like to the dying of thousands of those who have lived nobly for Christ. It occurred on the first day of 1866. He had been thirteen years in Japan, three in excess of his expecta-

tions, and besides the translation of the New Testament, succeeded in gathering in eight times as many converts as he said at the outset would content him. At his funeral the other evangelical missionaries took part, including our own Dr. Cochran.

A life such as this wakes all the tendencies to hero-worship. It would not be difficult to cover paper with warm panegyric, but we prefer to say, thanks be to God who raises up such men, veritable Christian heroes, who, absorbing the philanthropic spirit of the Master, reproduce a character worthy to be put in the same list with the Apostles of our Lord.

The title of the book aptly represents the dominant ideas of his noble life. He had lived amongst Brahmans, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Shintoists and Christians of various sects; he had pleaded for the white drunkard and the coloured slave; he had written for and preached to a vast variety of races, and in all he had found human nature the same in its proneness to sin, the same in its capacity for holiness. He had found in Vermont, in Assam and in Japan, that human hearts hungered for a Saviour, and knowing how great a Saviour Jesus Christ is to all who accept Him, he had earnestly pressed his brother men under every sky to accept that Saviour, and he had found that same Jesus "able to save to the uttermost all who came to God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." He had thus demonstrated that the whole world is kin, and it need not be wondered at, that a short while before his death he wrote the sentences which appear as motto on the title page of his biography: "Freedom is in the air; we inhale the Gospel of a common brotherhood; the globe becomes one household, and all its members are kindred."

TORONTO.

---

THOU didst reach forth Thy hand and mine infold;
I walked and sunk not on the storm-vexed sea;
But not so much that I on Thee took hold
As by Thy hold of me.

I find, I walk, I love, but, ah! the whole
Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee;
Lord, Thou wert long beforehand with my soul;
Always Thou lovedst me.

My clearest way is that which faith had shown,
Not that in which by sight I daily move;
And the most precious thing my soul hath known
Is that which passeth knowledge: God's dear love.

—*Phœbe Cary.*

# CITY MISSION WORK.*

BY B. E. BULL, B.A.

City Mission work is a very comprehensive subject, embracing, as it does, all philanthropic and evangelistic agencies used in our cities for the reclamation or salvation of those unreached by the ordinary Church services and work. It embraces the work of the Church which, seeing a quarter of the city in the suburbs or poorer districts without church or denominational privileges, institutes a mission service, with the view of forming eventually a Church organization. Many of our prosperous churches owe their origin to these humble beginnings. The work of such missions is largely evangelistic. The class of attendants is usually the respectable poor living in the neighbourhood, and the methods about the same as are pursued in aggressive evangelical churches. The results numerically are much greater and more far-reaching than anything attained by a class of mission work among people of a much lower grade, which is very often denominated slum work.

By slum work, I mean to embrace all evangelistic and philanthropic agencies at work for the alleviation of distress, reformation and ultimate salvation of the wretchedly poor and degraded inhabitants of the back streets and alleys of our cities, rescue work among destitute and neglected children, drunkards, criminals, dissolute men and women, tramps and homeless men—in fact, every class of work among what are usually called the lapsed or unreached masses, is included in the efforts of zealous and devoted mission workers.

But what is the necessity for such missions? Cannot our down-town churches do the work among the poor? Cannot the Church itself reach the masses and gather them into its fold? The only answer I have to that question is, that the Church has hitherto failed to do so. In all large cities you will find the wretchedly poor, the victims of vice and intemperance, tramps and criminals, and the only way they can be reached by Gospel influences is through mission work. You can gather them into the mission hall when no inducement, short of a free supper, could bring them within the walls of a church. The Church can reach them, however, indirectly, by working through the mission, for I wish to state here, most emphatically, that I believe in the mission

* An address given at the Convention of the Ontario Methodist Young People's Association, Toronto, March 1st, 1893.

being, if possible, attached to and supported by the Church. It is better for the Church, better for the workers, better for the people. The church having one or two missions attached to it, is always a live church. The mission represents the surplus energy of the church. The workers united together by church relationship are not so apt to ride a hobby. They are willing to admit that not quite all the good work is being done by themselves; and the converts enrolled in church membership are better cared for and likely to prove more steadfast.

General Booth's submerged tenth is to be found in all our cities, who will never hear the Gospel message unless it is brought to their houses, or presented to them by work outside of our church walls. The report given a few days ago by the Secretary of the Associated Charities of Toronto, shows that during the winter of 1892–93, one in every twenty families received aid from some charity. It is an easy thing for some of us who spend our days in our down-town offices, or warehouses, or in our comfortable homes, and our evenings amidst pleasant and agreeable surroundings, to shut our eyes to destitution, misery, wretchedness and crime, and say that in our goodly moral city little exists; but if we want to be enlightened, let us go with some of our faithful mission workers into the so-called homes down in our slums, or walk the streets in the poorer quarters at night, and the one half will get some idea how the other half lives. I have stood at the door of our mission on Jarvis Street—Jarvis Street, with its beautiful residences and comfortable homes, while its lower end is a nest of taverns—when it seemed as if almost every one that passed was reeling drunk. With staggering steps they poured out of the grog shops, a long procession—going down, down, to drunkards' graves, and a drunkard's hell—and I've thought how little do the business men, who, a few hours ago, were busily engaged down town, know of the scenes now being enacted.

What is being done to Christianize our own heathen? There are powerful organizations for Foreign Missionary work, backed by the influence, authority and support of the Church; but how feeble is the effort put forth for the reclamation of the paupers and neglected inhabitants of our cities. How few churches there are with any organization for city mission work among this class. A missionary from Japan, China, Africa, or the Islands of the Sea is welcomed and honoured, and justly so; but why not recognize the faithful toiler in our slums, whose sacrifices often are as great and duties as disagreeable? The result of this lack of sympathy from the Church is, that the work is

left largely to independent missionary enterprise, and the cause loses the powerful help of the Church—the Church the zeal and enthusiasm of the mission.

The command is not only to "Go into all the world," but "To go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind."

To pass from the work to the workers, the Macedonian call is loud and clear: The harvest is plentiful, but the labourers are few—and the duly qualified labourers are still fewer. The requirements to success are, I think, first, *Consecration*. There must be a complete "giving up" to the work—surrender of self and selfish interests to the service of the Master. This involves regularity and punctuality at the services—an ever-present consciousness of the responsibility and importance of each individual worker for the success of the work, an intense zeal and enthusiasm for it. During the last six or seven years, I have been thrown much among mission workers, and I know no more enthusiastic people under the sun than they.

Another requirement is a burning sense of the value of a human soul, and an intense love for humanity. With the zealous mission worker, distinctions of rank, social position, education and wealth disappear, and the pauper, the drunkard, the criminal, the lowest denizen of the slum, is revealed simply as a human soul—a brother mortal—responsible to his Maker, standing at last, as will the millionaire, the statesman, the courtier, naked before Him who sitteth on the great white throne.

In our Church services, a considerable portion of the time is taken up with efforts to convince respectable sinners that they require any change of life or heart. In a mission service little time need be spent on this line. They know that they are vile and sinful, and acknowledge it. The difficulty is to get them to believe that there is any hope for them. They have tried over and over again to reform, but the chains of vice were too strong to be broken by human power. They have been battered about, despised so by the world, that they have come to believe that nobody cares for them—that there is no salvation for them. Like dogs they live; like dogs they will die. The Gospel message told in the simplest manner comes to them with a new-born hope. They have visions of brightened lives and happy homes. Rarely is a faithful, earnest message given, but there are responses—inquirers after the way of salvation at almost every Gospel meeting.

I know that the number of those who really reform is small, when compared with those who evince a desire to lead a new life; but each convert who remains faithful is as a brand

plucked from the burning. The workers, seeing these gracious evidences of blessing resting upon their labours, thank God, take courage and go forward. The methods usually pursued are: simple, cheery, bright Gospel hymns, prayer, a short, pointed address, an earnest invitation — an after meeting devoted to testimony, prayer, exhortation, and a faithful effort to point seeking souls to the Saviour of sinners.

I have not time to give details of all the different mission and rescue agencies carried on in this city, or even to enumerate them, but will endeavour to give a short sketch of a few of them, which may be taken as fairly representative of the efforts made in Toronto to "Rescue the perishing," and I may say that while the different organizations may not be conducted on as elaborate a scale as in some larger cities across the line, we have here represented nearly all the different classes of such work.

Beginning with the work with which I am most familiar: The Jarvis Street Mission—which is under the control and management of the Metropolitan Church—was begun about seven years ago, when a few street arabs were gathered into a Sunday-school room on Sunday afternoons. Amidst many discouragements, the work was resolutely carried on, and the numbers increased. Night-schools and Gospel services were added. Then a work among homeless men was entered upon—arising from the proximity of the mission to one of the worst dens in the way of a cheap lodging house in the city.

That you may get some idea of how these places are managed, let me attempt to describe the scene that was witnessed every night our workers would visit the place in order to invite the men over to our services. In a small cellar with low ceilings, dimly lighted, the air reeking with the fumes of tobacco and whiskey, we would find 100 or 125 men and boys; some playing cards, others drinking and smoking, while the coarse jest, ribald song, and blasphemous utterance continually shocked the ear and heart. Around the sides of this den was a shelf, on which the men slept, heads to the wall, feet outward, with no pillow or clothing to cover them other than the rags they wore. So crowded were they that many had to sleep on the floor. For this they were charged five cents by the proprietor, who made money by the business.

We soon found that little lasting good could be done while the men were surrounded by such influences. The necessity for a better and cleaner lodgment led to the establishment of the Central Lodging House Association, 66 Jarvis Street, which has now been over two years in existence. Here a good, clean bed, hot and cold baths, the use of a bright, comfortable reading-room,

are given to a man for ten cents, at the same time surrounding him with Christian influences. Every evening, family worship is conducted by the manager. An employment bureau, with telephone communication, and a five cent savings bank are among the agencies used to enable a man to get work and save his money. During the first year 15,000 beds were occupied. The second year in larger premises, over 26,400. I may say the proprietor of the opposition house has gone out of business. Mission services are held in the same building. Each week there is a Sabbath-school, two Gospel meetings, a Gospel temperance meeting, night-school, and a woman's sewing meeting; there is also a small gymnasium. The results have been most encouraging. Many have been picked up from the lowest depths of sin and degradation, and with a new song in their mouths, bear unmistakable evidence of changed lives. Our prospects for increased efficiency and greatly enlarged spheres of work are bright. A wealthy gentleman, Mr. H. A. Massey, is building a magnificent mission hall and lodging house, costing about $50,000, with the intention of donating it for the purposes of the work. When we consider the small beginnings only a few years ago, we are assured that the work is owned by the Master.

The Sunday free breakfast in Richmond Hall, held every Sunday morning from December to April, is another means of bringing the Gospel to the poor. Here may be seen gathered together about 150 destitute men and women, who are first fed with coffee and sandwiches, and then by singing, prayer, a short practical Gospel address and kindly words, are invited to partake of the Gospel feast. The Rev. Mr. Dixon and his band of self-sacrificing workers have every reason to be encouraged with the result. Many permanent reformations of the worst characters have been made. Critics, who themselves do nothing to alleviate distress or elevate the down-trodden, have said: "The men are pauperized by free distribution of meals, and encouraged by this and other means, our city is the resort of paupers, tramps and vagabonds," as if men would flock to the city where once a week they got a few sandwiches and a cup of coffee gratis. The results also disprove this. When the breakfasts were first started about five years ago, there was an average of about 100 in weekly attendance more than there are this year.

The Night Shelter for Women, carried on by Miss McIntyre, on Centre Street, is another instance of what one energetic worker can do. Started about a year and eight months ago by a young woman with two dollars in her pocket, and a strong faith in God in her heart, the work has made wonderful progress. Each morning she, or one of her assistants, visits the cells and

police court, and endeavours, if possible, to induce some one or more unfortunate woman or dissolute girl, who may be discharged by the magistrate, to go with her to the Shelter, where she is warmed and fed, while, at the same time, encouraged by kindly word and prayer to quit the life of sin, and turn to the good. Then each evening these faithful labourers in the Master's vineyard walk through the streets and alleys in the lowest and worst parts of the city, visit the dens of vice and crime, and by sympathetic entreaty succeed in getting many wandering ones, no matter how vile or drunk they may be, to accompany them to the Shelter, where they are welcomed and cared for. In a little over a year and a half, 324 women and thirty-three children have been sheltered. Of this number, Miss McIntyre says she can speak confidently of the reformation of 118—mostly young women. There is also a boys' reading-room, and a girls' sunshine club in connection with the work. It is carried on entirely on faith. Divinely called as Miss McIntyre believes to commence the work, she trusts God to carry it on, and, as a result, has received $632.00. Her great need is a larger building. It is utterly impossible to carry on efficient work in the little eight-roomed house at present occupied, and she is praying for increased accommodation, and I doubt not her prayer will be answered.

The Toronto Children's Aid Society has for its motto: "It is wiser and less expensive to save children than to punish criminals." Its objects are: To secure legislative enactments for the protection of children, and to see that the law is enforced; to rescue and provide shelter for destitute and neglected children, and, if possible, provide them with permanent homes; to furnish fresh-air excursions during the summer holidays, and a Christmas treat during the winter. During last summer, about 8,000 excursion tickets were issued, and 17,500 lunches were provided, while quite a number of neglected little ones were sheltered and provided with homes. Laborious though the work may be, those in charge of it are amply repaid by the joyful and happy faces they see around them on one of these outings. The Management is endeavouring to make such arrangements that delicate, sickly, neglected children may be provided with a week or fortnight's stay in a bright country home, away from the heat and noise of the city.

The Toronto City Mission is another agency, productive of great good among the poor. Under the faithful services of Mr. Robert Hall, the work has increased and largely developed since its organization, about thirteen years ago. The means employed are: Visiting the homes of those who do not attend the means of

grace, and by words of cheer and prayer, reading and exposition of the Scriptures, and, by practical assistance, endeavouring to win them over to the service of Him who came to seek and to save the lost. The jails, reformatories, hospitals and various charitable institutions are also regularly visited. The open-air services in connection with the Gospel Carriage have been greatly blessed. The mission is undenominational, and entirely dependent on voluntary contributions for support.

I cannot do more than refer to the Toronto Mission Union, of which Mr. W. H. Howland is the devoted and energetic head. This is the most extensive organization for mission work in the city, having its branches in its various departments spread over almost the whole city, the central building being on Mission Avenue. By means of its evangelistic work, its women's and children's work, its cooking schools, its creche, or day nursery, its work among factory girls, its reformatory and prison gate work—by all these and others it is accomplishing much in the name of Him who went about doing good.

The Salvation Army has also recently opened a Refuge with lodgings and wood yard, where the "out of works" may pay for their meals by labour.

There is a great number of other charitable and religious organizations in the city, whose object is especially to reach the "lapsed masses," but my time is exhausted. I therefore conclude by expressing the hope that the members of the Epworth League and Christian Endeavour, while active in the Church, and rendering practical assistance to Foreign Missionary work, may not forget that the fields around them in their own cities and towns are white for the harvest, and that they may not only pray to the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers, but that the prayer may be, "O Lord, send me."

As Professor Drummond says: "This city, then, which John saw, is none other than *your* city, the place where *you* live as it might be, and as *you* are to help to make it. It is London, Paris, New York—these as they might be, and in some infinitesimal degree as they have already begun to be. In each of these, and in every city throughout the world to-day, there is a city descending out of heaven from God. Each one of us is daily building up this city or helping to keep it back. Its walls rise slowly, but as we believe in God, the building never ceases. For the might of those who build, be they few or many, is so surely greater than the might of those who retard, that no day's sun sets over any city in the land, that does not see some stone of the invisible city laid. To believe this is faith. To live for this is Christianity."

# RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.*

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D.

## *THE WORLDS AND THE WORD.*

MEN have found the various worlds to be far richer than they originally thought. They have opened door after door in their vast treasuries, have ascended throne after throne of power, and ruled realms of increasing extent. We have no doubt that unfoldings in the future will amaze even those whose expectations have been quickened by the revealings of the past. What if it be found that the Word is equally inexhaustible?

After ages of thought and discovery we have come out of the darkness and misconceptions of men. We believe in no serpent, turtle, or elephant supporting the world; no Atlas holding up the heavens; no crystal domes, "with cycles and epicycles scribbled o'er." What if it be found that one book, written by ignorant men, never fell into these mistakes of the wisest! Nay, more, what if some of the greatest triumphs of modern science are to be found plainly stated in a book older than the writings of Homer? If suns, planets, and satellites, with all their possibilities of life, changes of flora and fauna, could be all provided for, as some scientists tell us, in the fiery star-dust of a cloud, why may not the same Author provide a perpetually widening river of life in His Word? As we believe He is perpetually present in His worlds, we know He has promised to be perpetually present in his Word, making it alive with spirit and life.

The wise men of the past could not help alluding to ideas the falsity of which subsequent discovery has revealed; but the writers of the Bible did avoid such erroneous allusion. Of course they referred to some things, as sunrise and sunset, according to appearance; but our most scientific books do the same to-day. That the Bible could avoid teaching the opposite of scientific truth, proclaims that a higher than human wisdom was in its teaching.

That negative argument is strong, but the affirmative argument is much stronger. The Bible declares scientific truth far in advance of its discovery, far in advance of man's ability to understand its plain declarations. Take a few conspicuous illustrations:

The Bible asserted from the first that the present order of things had a beginning. After ages of investigation, after researches in the realms of physics, arguments in metaphysics, and conclusions by the necessities of resistless logic, science has reached the same result.

The Bible asserted from the first that creation of matter preceded arrangement. It was chaos—void—without form—darkness;

* Reprinted, by Bishop Warren's permission, from copyright volume. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

arrangement was a subsequent work. The world was not created in the form it was to have; it was to be moulded, shaped, stratified, coaled, mountained, valleyed, subsequently. All of which science utters ages afterward.

The Bible did not hesitate to affirm that light existed before the sun, though men did not believe it, and used it as a weapon against inspiration. Now we praise men for having demonstrated the oldest record.

It is a recently discovered truth of science that the strata of the earth were formed by the action of water, and the mountains were once under the ocean, It is an idea long familiar to Bible readers: "Thou coverest the earth with the deep as with a garment. The waters stood above the mountains. At Thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away. The mountains ascend; the valleys descend into the place Thou hast founded for them." Here is a whole volume of geology in a paragraph. The thunder of continental convulsions is God's voice; the mountains rise by God's power; the waters haste away unto the place God prepared for them. Our slowness of geological discovery is perfectly accounted for by Peter. "For of this they are *willingly ignorant,* that by the word of God there were heavens of old, and land framed out of water, and by means of water, whereby the world that then was, being overflowed by water, perished." We recognize these geological subsidences, but we read them from the testimony of the rocks more willingly than from the testimony of the Word.

Science exults in having discovered what it is pleased to call an order of development on earth—tender grass, herb, tree; moving creatures that have life in the waters; bird, reptile, beast, cattle, man. The Bible gives the same order ages before, and calls it God's successive creations.

During ages on ages man's wisdom held the earth to be flat. Meanwhile, God was saying, century after century, of Himself, "He sitteth upon the sphere of the earth" (Gesenius).

Men racked their feeble wits for expedients to uphold the earth, and the best they could devise were serpents, elephants, and turtles; beyond that no one had ever gone to see what supported them. Meanwhile, God was perpetually telling men that he had hung the earth upon nothing.

Men were ever trying to number the stars. Hipparchus counted one thousand and twenty-two; Ptolemy, one thousand and twenty-six; and it is easy to number those visible to the naked eye. But the Bible said, when there were no telescopes to make it known, that they were as the sands of the sea, "innumerable." Science has appliances of enumeration unknown to other ages, but the space-penetrating telescopes and tastimeters reveal more worlds—eighteen millions in a single system, and systems beyond count—till men acknowledge that the stars are innumerable to man. It is God's prerogative "to number all the stars; he also calleth them all by their names."

Torricelli's discovery that the air had weight was received with

incredulity. For ages the air had propelled ships, thrust itself against the bodies of men, and overturned their works. But no man ever dreamed that weight was necessary to give momentum. During all the centuries it had stood in the Bible, waiting for man's comprehension: "He gave to the air its weight" (Job xxviii. 25).

The pet science of to-day is meteorology. The fluctuations and variations of the weather have hitherto baffled all attempts at unravelling them. It has seemed that there was no law in their fickle changes. But at length perseverance and skill have triumphed, and a single man in one place predicts the weather and winds for a continent. But the Bible has always insisted that the whole department was under law; nay, it laid down that law so clearly, that if men had been willing to learn from it they might have reached this wisdom ages ago: "The wind goeth toward the south (equator), and turneth about (up) unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits (established routes). All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again" (Eccles. i. 6, 7).

Those scientific queries which God propounded to Job were unanswerable then; most of them are so now. "Whereon are the sockets of the earth made to sink?" Job never knew the earth turned in sockets; much less could he tell where they were fixed. God answered this question elsewhere. "He stretcheth the north (one socket) over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." Speaking of the day-spring, God says the earth is *turned* to it, as clay to the seal. The earth's axial revolution is clearly recognized. Copernicus declared it early; God earlier.

No man yet understands the balancing of the clouds, nor the suspension of the frozen masses of hail, any more than Job did.

The statement that the sun's going is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit to the ends of it, has given edge to many a sneer at its supposed assertion that the sun went round the earth. It teaches a higher truth—that the sun itself obeys the law it enforces on the planets, and flies in an orbit of its own, from one end of heaven in Argo to the other in Hercules.

So eminent an astronomer and so true a Christian as General Mitchell, who understood the voices in which the heavens declare the glory of God, who read with delight the Word of God embodied in worlds, and who fed upon the written Word of God as his daily bread, declared, "We find an aptness and propriety in all these astronomical illustrations, which are not weakened, but amazingly strengthened, when viewed in the clear light of our present knowledge." Herschel says, "All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more strongly the truths that come from on high, and are contained in the sacred writings." The common authorship of the worlds and the Word becomes apparent; their common unexplorable wealth is a necessary conclusion.

Since the opening revelations of the past show an unsearchable

wisdom in the Word, has that Word any prophecy concerning mysteries not yet understood, and events yet in the future? There are certain problems as yet insolvable. We have grasped many clews, and followed them far into labyrinths of darkness, but not yet through into light.

We ask in vain, "What is matter?" No man can answer. We trace it up through the worlds, till its increasing fineness, its growing power, and possible identity of substance, seem as if the next step would reveal its spirit origin. What we but hesitatingly stammer, the Word boldly asserts.

We ask, "What is force?" No man can answer. We recognize its various grades, each subordinate to the higher—cohesion dissolvable by heat; the affinity of oxygen and hydrogen in water overcome by the piercing intensity of electric fire; rivers seeking the sea by gravitation carried back by the sun; rock turned to soil, soil to flowers; and all the forces in nature measurably subservient to mind. Hence we partly understand what the Word has always taught us, that all lower forces must be subject to that which is highest. How easily can seas be divided, iron made to swim, water to burn, and a dead body to live again, if the highest force exert itself over forces made to be mastered. When we have followed force to its highest place, we always find ourselves considering the forces of mind and spirit, and say, in the words of the Scriptures, "God is spirit."

We ask in vain what is the end of the present condition of things. We have read the history of our globe with great difficulty—its prophecy is still more difficult. We have asked whether the stars form a system, and if so, whether that system is permanent. We are not able to answer yet. We have said that the sun would in time become as icy cold and dead as the moon, and then the earth would wander darkling in the voids of space. But the end of the earth, as prophesied in the Word, is different: "The heavens will pass away with a rushing noise, and the elements will be dissolved with burning heat, and the earth and the works therein will be burned up." The latest conclusions of science point the same way. The great zones of uncondensed matter about the sun seem to constitute a resisting medium as far as they reach. Encke's comet, whose orbit comes near the sun, is delayed. This gives gravitation an overwhelming power, and hence the orbit is lessened and a revolution accomplished more quickly. Faye's comet, which wheels beyond the track of Mars, is not retarded. If the earth moves through a resisting substance, its ultimate fall into the sun is certain. Whether in that far future the sun shall have cooled off, or will be still as hot as to-day, Peter's description would admirably portray the result of the impact. Peter's description, however, seems rather to indicate an interference of Divine power at an appropriate time before a running down of the system at present in existence, and a re-endowment of matter with new capabilities.

What becomes of the force of the sun that is being spent to-day? It is one of the firmest rocks of science that there can be no

absolute destruction of force. It is all conserved somehow. But how? The sun contracts, light results, and leaps swiftly into all encircling space. It can never be returned. Heat from stars invisible by the largest telescope enters the tastimeter, and declares that that force has journeyed from its source through incalculable years. There is no encircling dome to reflect all this force back upon its sources. Is it lost? Science, in defence of its own dogma, should assign light a work as it flies in the space which we have learned cannot be empty. There ought to be a realm where light's inconceivable energy is utilized in building a grander universe, where there is no night. Christ said, as He went out of the seen into the unseen, "I go to prepare a place for you;" and when John saw it in vision the sun had disappeared, the moon was gone, but the light still continued.

Science finds matter to be capable of unknown refinement; water becomes steam full of amazing capabilities: we add more heat, superheat the steam, and it takes on new aptitudes and uncontrollable energy. Zinc burned in acid becomes electricity, which enters iron as a kind of soul, to fill all that body with life. All matter is capable of transformation, if not transfiguration, till it shines by the light of an indwelling spirit. Scripture readers know that bodies and even garments can be transfigured, be made ἀστράπτων (Luke xxiv. 4), shining with an inner light. They also look for new heavens and a new earth endowed with higher powers, fit for perfect beings.

When God made matter, so far as our thought permits us to know, He simply made force stationary and unconscious. Thereafter He moves through it with His own will. He can at any time change these forces, making air solid, water and rock gaseous, a world a cloud, or a fire-mist a stone. He may at some time restore all force to consciousness again, and make every part of the universe thrill with responsive joy. One of these changes is to come to the earth. Amidst great noise the heaven shall flee, the earth be burned up, and all their forces be changed to new forms. Perhaps it will not then be visible to mortal eyes. Perhaps force will then be made conscious, and the flowers thereafter return our love as much as lower creatures do now. A river and tree of life may be consciously alive, as well as give life.

Distinguish clearly between certainty and surmise. The certainty is that the world will pass through catastrophic changes to a perfect world. The grave of uniformitarianism is already covered with grass. He that creates promises to complete. The invisible, imponderable, inaudible ether is beyond our apprehension; it transmits impressions 186,000 miles a second; it is millions of times more capable and energetic than air. What may be the bounds of its possibility none can imagine, for law is not abrogated nor designs disregarded as we ascend into higher realms. Law works out more beautiful designs with more absolute certainty. Why should there not be a finer universe than this, and disconnected from this world altogether—a fit home for immortal souls? It is a necessity.

God filleth all in all, is everywhere omnipotent and wise. Why should there be great vacuities, barren of power and its creative outgoings? God has fixed the stars as proofs of His agency at some points in space. But is it in points only? Science is proud of its discovery that what men once thought to be empty space is more intensely active than the coarser forms of matter can be. But in the long times which are past Job glanced at earth, seas, clouds, pillars of heaven, stars, day, night, all visible things, and then added: "Lo! these are only the outlying borders of His works. What a whisper of a word we hear of *Him!* The thunder of His power who can comprehend?"

Science tells us that each type is prophetic of a higher one. The whale has bones prophetic of a human hand. Has man reached perfection? Is there no prophecy in him? Not in his body, perhaps; but how his whole soul yearns for greater beauty. As soon as he has found food, the savage begins to carve his paddle, and make himself gorgeous with feathers. How man yearns for strength, subduing animal and cosmic forces to his will! How he fights against darkness and death, and strives for perfection and holiness! These prophecies compel us to believe there is a world where powers like those of electricity and luminiferous ether are ever at hand; where its waters are rivers of life, and its trees full of perfect healing, and from which all unholiness is forever kept. What we infer, Scripture affirms.

Science tells us there has been a survival of the fittest. Doubtless this is so. So in the future there will be a survival of the fittest. What is it? Wisdom, gentleness, meekness, brotherly kindness, and charity. Over those who have these traits death hath no permanent power. The caterpillar has no fear as he weaves his own shroud; for there is life within fit to survive, and ere long it spreads its gorgeous wings, and flies in the air above where once it crawled.

When Uranus hastened in one part of its orbit, and then retarded, and swung too wide, men said there must be another attracting world beyond; and, looking there, Neptune was found. So, when individual men are so strong that nations or armies cannot break down their wills; so brave, that lions have no terrors; so holy, that temptation cannot lure nor sin defile them; so grand in thought, that men cannot follow; so pure in walk, that God walks with them—let us infer an attracting world, high and pure and strong as heaven. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews is a roll-call of heroes of whom this world was not worthy. They were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection. The world to come influenced, as it were, the orbits of their souls, and when their bodies fell off, earth having no hold on them, they sped on to their celestial home. The tendency of such souls necessitates such a world.

The worlds and the Word speak but one language, teach but one set of truths. How was it possible that the writers of the earlier Scriptures described physical phenomena with wonderful sublimity, and with such penetrative truth? They gazed upon

the same heaven that those men saw who ages afterward led the world in knowledge. These latter were near-sighted, and absorbed in the pictures on the first veil of matter; the former were far-sighted, and penetrated a hundred strata of thickest material, and saw the immaterial power behind. The one class studied the present, and made the gravest mistakes; the other pierced the uncounted ages of the past, and uttered the profoundest wisdom. There is but one explanation. He that planned and made the worlds inspired the Word.

Science and religion are not two separate departments, they are not even two phases of the same truth. Science has a broader realm in the unseen than in the seen, in the source of power than in the outcomes of power, in the sublime laws of spirit than in the laws of matter; and religion sheds its beautiful light over all stages of life, till, whether we eat or whether we drink, or whatsoever we do, we may do all for the glory of God. Science and religion make common confession that the great object of life is to learn and to grow. Both will come to see the best possible means for the attainment of this end is a personal relation to a Teacher who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

---

## GOD'S OWN JUBILEE.

BY THOMAS CLEWORTH.

Ring the chimes in every nation,
Joy-notes of a grander day,
Sound the heavenly proclamation,
Peace and Love are come to stay.
Hark! the tones of Jubilee,
Swelling over land and sea!

God is coming in His glory,
He abides among His own;
Angels tell the advent story
Sounding thro' each distant zone.
Blessed time of Jubilee,
Christ hath come to set us free!

Earth is crowned with Light forever,
Coming from our Father's face,
He shall aid each good endeavour,
Till the earth is filled with grace.
All shall His salvation see,
Sounding endless Jubilee.

By eternal Love befriended,
Let us vows of homage pay,
To our Saviour's care commended,
Let us in His service stay,
Singing in His Jubilee,
As He leadeth you and me!

May His rule among the nations
Urge the tides of victory on,
Till a world's glad acclamations
Shouts the last dark stronghold won;
All the earth His power shall see,
Hail the King's own Jubilee!

Then through all her wide dominions
Spreads the calm of Eden's rest,
Truth and Love have spread their pinions,
All her nations to invest;
Glory spreads o'er land and sea,
It is God's grand Jubilee!

Smithfield, Ont.

# THE LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

## CHAPTER VIII.—REFIT IN PORT.

"Michael replied:
Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven."

Scarcely a place can be imagined more dismal than a foreign hospital. Bess Adams had felt a great heart-sinking at the thought of going with her invalids into the Grey Town hospital, but, entering there, she found her fears put speedily to flight. There were very few patients in the building, the officers and attendants were English, the low-ceiled, white-washed rooms were clean, and the warm air of the tropics came pleasantly through the open windows, which looked on the one side to that smiling and dangerous sea, and on the other upon that luxuriant verdure of those sunny lands. The story of these shipwrecked ones speedily spread through the town, and increased the kindness shown them. And this was well, for doleful days awaited them at Grey Town. Jerry and Luke were in a few days quite recovered and ready to ship for home; which, there being no American vessels in port, they were obliged to do by way of England. By this time Bess was also herself again, and demanding and receiving permission to attend upon her father and Rolf. A severe inflammation, occasioned by the blow on his chest, added to the exposure upon the wreck, had been accompanied by violent hæmorrhages, and had brought Rolf very low. The vigorous young Dane wasted rapidly away, and his cheery voice sank to a whisper.

Nor was the case of Captain Adams any better; the injury to his limbs had been severe, and the long days when they could receive no attention had destroyed all hope of healing. There was but one chance for his life, said the surgeons—amputation. There was no chloroform in those days, and this one chance of amputation seemed so terrible that the first thought of Bess and her father was that it would be better to die quietly than undergo so severe an operation. But the instinct to preserve life is very strong, and the better prepared the sons of men are for the life to come, the more honourable efforts will they make to preserve this present existence, because they feel its responsibilities and regard it as the gift of God.

"And what are the chances of amputation's saving my father's life?" demanded Bess.

"To be honest, only as five to ten; for your father is not a young man," replied the surgeon.

"We'll leave the event cheerfully in the hands of God, my girl," said the captain. "Bless the Lord, I'm ready to die, and yet

I see it my duty to take every means to preserve my life; so, doctor, set your time, and who knows, Bess, but I may see Kate and Lucy and the little ones yet? If not, there are better friends in heaven." He hesitated a moment. "You'll stay with me, my girl?"

He could not have made a more terrible request. The brave heart of the sailor girl stood still, but she answered calmly, "Yes, father."

An old and skilful surgeon from a British man-of-war was requested by the doctors of the hospital to perform the amputation.

The face of the chief surgeon, when the dreaded hour came, gave Bess courage; he looked so calm, so kind, so assured. "I need not ask you to be kind and quick," she said to him. "I know at once that you feel for your neighbour as for yourself."

"Are you all ready, father?" asked Bess.

"All ready—and—God bless you, my daughter!" It might be his last farewell, and was meant as such. Bess passed her arm under his head, drew his face close to her neck as she bent over him, and, hiding her face on his shoulder, her soft, steady voice murmured her fervent prayers into his ear during all those few but dreadful moments. These two hearts had always seemed to beat as one; and now that Bess felt her father's breath coming more and more feebly, and his face growing chill against her own, it seemed as if her life also were dying away. But she still held possession of her failing senses, both for herself and for him, and still asked for strength whence alone it could come to them.

"All is done," said the surgeon, touching her shoulder. Bess raised her head, and looked eagerly into her father's unconscious face. "He'll revive presently. I have great hopes of him," said the surgeon.

"I've seen many sights both in peace and war, in my time," said the ship's assistant surgeon who stood by, "but never anything braver than this. No soldiers were ever more heroic than this man and his daughter."

"This, my friend," said the chief surgeon, "is not a courage that is born of earth. This is the Christian's heroism. It is the strength that comes directly from heaven to those who ask in faith. This is something more and better than what we call 'iron nerves' and 'pluck'; and I have seen this nobler courage in children, in aged women, in those in whom we would expect to see feeblest, and it is always the result of prayer."

The assistant surgeon knew nothing of such help as this, but he merely bowed, shrugged his shoulders, and did not argue with his superior.

The surgeon came frequently after this to visit a patient who had greatly interested him, and to rejoice in the good progress made by Captain Adams toward recovery. At the request of Bess he also saw Rolf. "If," said Bess, as the surgeon sat on the bedside, looking earnestly at his patient, "you can only get him strong enough to go home, doctor, to our native air, he will soon be quite well. These tropic regions seem sadly weakening to us of

the far north. If I could now catch some of the bracing air of our Maine winter, I should feel well at once; and so would Rolf, if he were back at the Cove."

"Well, bring me my note-book, and I will write a suggestion for my friend, the doctor here," said the surgeon. "Your sister?" he questioned, as Bess left the room.

"Nearer than that," said Rolf. "We were to have been married soon. I see what you think, doctor; but don't discourage Bess. If you think I can once get home to my father, the truth will come easier to her there."

"Well, really," said the surgeon, half-musing, "I can but wonder why so good a girl should have so many and such heavy troubles."

"Whom the Lord loveth—" said Rolf, but he threw his arm over his eyes, and did not finish the sentence.

Slowly the days went by. Captain Adams got better with every twenty-four hours that passed, and was able at last to wheel himself about in a chair. "It is a poor miserable wreck of a man you'll have to take home, Bess," he said half-bitterly. "There is not much of me left to welcome."

"But you'll be dearly welcomed all the same, father," said Bess.

"Yes, yes," said the captain, following his own train of thought, "the *Seabird* and her captain went to pieces together; and our Rolf will be a sore sight for his father, Bess; and you, my girl, you don't look as you used."

"Rolf will be better as soon as he gets home," said Bess eagerly. "Sickness comes very hard to those so unused to it as he; and I'll soon look the same, father. It is only that you think me changed because I have cut off my hair."

"Yes, Bess, all those brown braids gone, I see, my girl."

"Because you know, father, I thought if I were to be wrecked again, I must not be tortured by having my wet hair lashing my face, and tangling about the ropes and masts; and then, father, it was getting very white."

"White, my poor girl?" said the captain, stroking the thick waves of short hair streaked with gray that lay over his daughter's head. "Is all your youth shipwrecked in that fearful storm?"

"Once I get you home safe, father, and Rolf well again, I shall feel young enough," said Bess.

"And my child, if such happiness never comes, remember there is, after all these troubles, a rest that remaineth, and neither eye nor ear nor mortal heart can apprehend the glory of those things which the Lord hath laid up for them that love Him."

Bess felt that there was a warning in these words—a warning that her dearest earthly hopes were to be unfulfilled; but she put the thought from her, and went to meet Rolf, who came into the hospital-yard for a walk in the sunshine. His cheek was thin and pale, but Bess kept telling herself and him that once back in the dear homestead, with Christine's nursing and bracing of the native air, all would be well.

There was a home-coming at last in May. A ship from Boston reached Nicaragua, and took the three victims of the *Seabird*

disaster very comfortably back to Massachusetts. Thence by easy stages Bess conveyed her invalids towards home. She had written from Boston of the day of their arrival, and desired that a conveyance should be sent to meet them at the stage-office, eight miles from the Cove. As the stage stopped, what was the amazement of Bess to see Tom Epp rushing up to aid her father and Rolf. She had expected to see the minister there with the waggon and horses; but had the sea given back its dead, that here was Tom? As she looked at him, yet again seemed ringing in her ears his long cry as he was swept away from the sinking *Seabird* in the stormy waters far northeast of the Arenas Light.

Master Hastings was there too. He wrung Captain Adams' hand, and clasped his son in his arms in utter silence. The sorrow past and the cloud that lowered over their future filled him with a woe too deep for speech. Like David, he could say, "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it."

This was an early spring. The grass along the roadsides was of velvet softness and starred with flowers. The birds sang in the thickets. The buds just opening on all the trees gave them a tint divided between pink and green. Here and there bees and butterflies had found their way out into the world once more. What a homelikeness there was in all the humble dwellings scattered about them! The hearts of the wayfarers revived, and Tom Epp, trudging sturdily alongside the waggon, broke now and again into a merry whistle, inwardly vowing that "now the captain and Master Rolf were home again, they'd be all right in a jiffy."

"Well, Tom," said Rolf, looking down at him from his high seat in the waggon, "I would really like to hear your adventures. They must be as wonderful as those of Sindbad."

"Oh! I haven't had any adventures. I was just picked up," replied Tom nonchalantly.

"Come, come, Tom, you can make a much finer story than that out of it," said the minister laughing, "I've heard you do better a dozen times."

"But that was only because I had all about the *Seabird* and the captain and these others to put in. Now they know all that part, and that about me an't worth a straw. Not but what I'm thankful indeed to the Lord for His wonderful care of me," added Tom, lifting his hat.

"Well, we want to hear about the wonderful case," said Bess.

"It was just this," said Tom: "As we jerked away from the ship, I, making an effort to catch the broken rope and get back, lost the only oar we had in the gig. In a few moments we could see nothing of the *Seabird*, and we gave you up for lost; and the cook and I both felt somehow as if we'd murdered you, taking off your last hope in boat and provisions. All there was for us was to commit our case to God, and wait patiently for his will concerning us. We had, you know, a little food and drink in our boat, and we made it hold out; and for five days by the reckoning I made with my knife on the side of the boat, we drifted up and down, seeing only two sail, and they didn't see us. At last, just

on the edge of evening, we were pretty nigh run over by a ship bound for Cuba. That picked us up when we were out of provisions and water, and had given up all for lost. When we had cheered up a little, we shipped on a vessel bound for Halifax. Cook liked his berth so well that he kept it, but I sailed for Portsmouth, and then for Lucky Cove; and by the time I got here they had word of you by the letter you sent with the ship that picked you up. I stuck by the *Dancer* since then, for it wasn't in my mind to lay out plans for myself until I had seen you all home, and found out what you were going to do."

What were they going to do, indeed? There were seven little children in the crippled captain's home—eleven in all to feed and clothe, and the strong bread-winner helpless now in his wheeled chair. It was hard work sometimes for Captain Adams to keep from wishing that he had not lived to come back to those of whom he could take care no longer. When Tom Epp used those words, "what they were going to do," Master Hastings glanced at the bent form of his son, and thought of the lost *Seabird;* Captain Adams turned his look sadly on his daughter; and Bess gazed entreaty at the minister. One thought was in the hearts of all: it was very hard to tell what they were to do. Then said the minister: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He turneth the wilderness into a standing water; and dry ground into water-springs. And there He maketh the hungry to dwell. Yet setteth He the poor on high from affliction. Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

This was the inspired history of their sufferings and the promise for their future; and so the souls returned unto their rest, because the Lord deals bountifully with His chosen.

"Be sure and make the home-coming cheerful," had Bess written to Kate; and when the little house was reached, everything was in its best. The children, Lucy, and Kate, in their "Sunday clothes," were on the lookout for the coming of the long absent ones. Peace and plenty seemed to have found abiding-places in that humble dwelling. But after the evening meal, while one of the twins, perched on either arm of their father's chair, was telling of exploits in school, and baby Annie was serenely falling asleep in her father's arms, Lucy made her escape to the yard, and sat down on the last wood of Tom Epp's cutting, weeping bitterly.

"I thought," sobbed Lucy, "that by your letters I was prepared for all; that I had made up my mind to what was to be; but, O Bess! what shall I do, what shall I do?"

"You will be brave, as you have been often before, Lucy. Yours has been a hard life," replied Bess sadly.

"But I've been very happy for the last eight years," said Lucy.

"And now it remains for you to make my poor father happy for whatever years he has to live. You *must* keep up your courage, Lucy, for his sake. Ah! if you had seen, as I have, what he has suffered—those dreadful days on the wreck, and those just as dreadful days in the hospital, when—when he was the worst! You would feel, as I do, that nothing must be spared to make the rest of his life happy. It will be a hard thing for him, after all his busy days, to stop here at home in a chair. You must make the home very cheerful, Lucy; keep the children in order, that they won't fret him; have the house bright; and make his friends welcome at all hours, no matter what's doing. We all have our work laid out, Lucy; very often not the work we plan for ourselves, but we must do it heartily, nevertheless. You must not let him want for anything, Lucy. Get him the best that the Cove can furnish to eat and drink."

"But, Bess, how are we to live? Think how many there are of us; and it will be long before the boys can do anything."

"I'll take care of you, Lucy. Kate and I will see to that, somehow; I cannot tell just how yet, but it shall be done. You keep up as you did to-day when we got home. That was a good thought about those flowers, making the room so pretty."

"That was Kate's thought; she sent the boys two miles off into the woods to hunt for them," said Lucy. "You know how useless I am, Bess. I can't earn anything."

"Don't go back to that," said Bess stoutly. "We don't want you to earn anything. Why, you poor girl, with a house, and a sick man, and seven little children to take care of, have you not got your hands full?"

"I wouldn't mind that," said Lucy, "if I only knew that we could keep the house, and get the bread and those other things for plain comfort that he has been used to."

"You *can* be sure of all those. The Lord is going to provide them, though I do not know yet by what means. And of all things, Lucy, you must not let father see you fretting about that; for it is just what troubles him most, and will make him feel his helplessness more than ever."

For the first week or two after the return all was bustle and excitement; neighbours coming and going, and the story of the *Seabird* demanded several times a day. Bess was at Master Hastings' the most part of the time, watching over Rolf, or taking short walks with him where once they two had walked and played in all the exuberance of childish happiness. Yet in the hours when she was at home she saw plainly that some plan must be made and diligently pursued for providing for the family, where all those little lads were wearing out the knees of their trousers and devouring bread and butter at a fearful rate every hour in the day.

Bess and Kate began to take long walks on the sands and by the cliffs toward sunset, walking slowly arm-in-arm, and talking earnestly the while.

Each morning, before going over to see Rolf, Bess wheeled her

father in his chair slowly along the village street to give him exercise. During these walks they generally fell into a discussion as to what should be done to provide for the family.

When they first returned to Lucky Cove, Bess had hoped that Rolf would speedily recover, and be able to take command of the *White Eagle*. But Rolf had grown no stronger. The Dane, when first he received his son home, had felt assured that the consumption which had carried his mother to her early grave had set its seal upon her son. This had been the dread of Master Hastings in Rolf's early years; but as he had seen him growing vigorous and accustomed to exposure, and showing the hardihood of his Danish ancestry, he had begun to hope that the dread scourge would pass him by. But the exposure on the wreck and the blow on his chest had provoked the onset of the hereditary enemy. There was now no hope that Rolf could sail on the *White Eagle*. Bess was the last to relinquish this hope, and, losing it, she was doubly bound to home, to remaining where she could be with him the remainder of his life; but meanwhile what would the family do for food and clothing?

"There's only one way, father," said Bess at last. "Your one-third share in the *White Eagle* won't support eleven of us; we must have the captain's wages. You and Master Hastings are sole owners, and you know that I can sail a ship. You must give me the *White Eagle*, and let her be put on coast trade for a while, until you are accustomed to my being off on her. By that means we shall have as much to live on as ever."

"I know you can sail a ship, Bess," said her father, shaking his head; "but this is such a new and unheard-of plan."

"That is nothing," said Bess quickly, "if it is the plan God has marked out for me. There's nothing else that I can do, father. There is no work for women near the Cove, and if I went to Portsmouth or Boston, what could I do? I could not teach school, nor sit as a seamstress. I can keep a little house like ours, and I can sail a ship; and, as there is Lucy to keep the house, the ship is all that is left to me."

Bess dreaded any arguments against the plan from her father; for was not her own heart urging her all the while to stay ashore, never to leave the Cove while Rolf lived?

"And, my girl, it would be much harder finding a crew and officers for you than for an ordinary captain."

"Yes; but we have many sailors near here who have sailed with you. There is Tom Epp for a coxswain, and Jerry and Luke, to begin with. I can have Kate go with me, and you can get John Porter of the *Ariel* for first officer. I have known him and his wife since I was a little girl, and he'd be faithful to my interest on the ship."

"Well, yes. And there's Hall Jenkins. He must be twenty-one by this time, and a neighbour's son, and he will make a good second. I don't know but it might be done, Bess; and if it can, why, there's provision for us all. But it is sacrificing you, my Annie's girl, to the rest of us!"

"It is no sacrifice, father," said Bess sadly. "What better is there now left for me ashore? A sore heart finds its best relief in work—working for others; and if I must live without Rolf, I can bear it better with a ship and its cargo, and the wants of a score of people on my mind, than sitting quietly at home."

Captain Adams gave a deep sigh at this passionate outburst from his daughter! How wise he had tried to be for her! How much he had hoped for her! He would have very gladly passed through his great troubles again, if this black cloud might be lifted from her future.

"I can make this rule, father," said Bess, conquering her emotion: "I can have my men strictly temperance men, and Christian men too, father."

"They'll be equally hard to get, I fear," interrupted he.

"God will provide them, father, if it is right for me to go; for it would only be right for me to go with such a crew as would make me sure of good order and subordination. Principle must enforce my authority; they cannot expect me to knock a rebel down with a marlin-spike."

"Very true; but I should take care that your first officer was a man of muscle, as Porter is. But I never found the argument of the marlin-spike needful, Bess, and I maintained strict discipline without sharp measures."

"And there's my advantage in having sailed with you so long. You know I am not without experience, father."

"Yes; well, we'll see what Master Hastings thinks of it."

"He thinks well of it; and the minister doesn't think amiss of it," replied Bess, sighing. "They do not see that anything else is left for me."

Master Hastings had indeed assented to the plan Bess proposed. Rolf approved it, and Master Hastings declared he was willing to trust all he had to the care of Bess. The loss of the *Seabird* had told on the Master's resources. He knew that the Adams family could not consent to live on charity. Someone must earn wages when there were so many to be supported; and no way seemed open to Bess but seafaring.

"It is the way the Lord points out," said Rolf; "and I know you will be blessed in it. The only breakers ahead will be if Lucy does not govern those children properly. That twin, Jim, is just like his old grandfather! I remember Jim Wren better than you do, Bess, and little Jim is wonderfully like him. I wonder what possessed Lucy to name a boy after him?"

"He was her father, you know, and that covered a multitude of sins," replied Bess; "and she has a compassion for his unhappy memory and death, and this naming was just one of our foolish human efforts at compensating what can never be compensated, and doing something for those who are forever out of our reach."

"Well, you warn your father about Jim. If he takes any grog, don't let him put the glass where Master Jim can get the dregs. The little mischief got half of father's glass of wine the other day, and rejoiced over it like a little toper. The schoolmaster says

he's sharp enough, but he is impish; and then the master is growing old, and the boy has no one to govern him."

"Little Phil is a much nicer child," said Bess.

"They're all nice children, and Jim will turn out well if he gets properly brought up. If Lucy will do as well on shore as you will do at sea, my Bess, the family will come up to be a blessing to you."

From Lucy came the stoutest opposition to the plan of Bess' being in command of the *White Eagle*.

"What would you have, Lucy?" asked Bess. "Shall Kate and I go into a factory at Lowell, and die of the change from our sea-life? Or shall we go to Portsmouth, and live out at service, getting fifty cents a week as first-class servants?"

"Your mother was my best friend," said Lucy, weeping, "and now it seems as if you and Kate, her only children, are to be sacrificed to me and my children."

"It is not a sacrifice," said Bess; "it is the way the Lord has appointed for us and it will doubtless make us all happy when once we get accustomed to it and give up other hopes."

It was August before the time for departure came. Rolf was only a little feebler than when he returned to the Cove, and Bess *would* cheer her heart with the hope that his lingering disease would yet take a turn for the better, and that he would return to something of his former vigour.

She could not believe it a last farewell when she took leave of him to go to Portsmouth, accompanied by his father, who was to remain with her until the ship sailed. Rolf, however, was in no-wise deceived; for him the bitterness of death was past when he parted from Bess.

"I shall see you again, Rolf; I shall see you again," were her last words to him.

"Yes, truly," said Rolf, turning to the minister, who was to be his chief companion and guardian during his father's absence, "I shall see her again. Bess is a true heart, and we two will meet where there are no more partings; but until then, never!"

The people of Lucky Cove said that it seemed as if half the village was going away that day when such a large party set off for the *White Eagle*. There were Bess and Kate with Master Hastings, Tom Epp, Jerry and Luke, John Porter going for first officer, and young Hall Jenkins as second. All the village crowded to their doors to see them off.

---

How dost Thou paint, O Spirit in such glory,
The circling landscape and refulgent even?
The pictures wrought in Thy illumined story
Are like a page torn from the book of heaven.

—*Horatio Nelson Powers.*

# THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

## CHAPTER VIII.—THE ENEMY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

After the wedding, there were some weeks of that peaceful monotony which is the happiest vehicle for daily life,—weeks so uniform that Charlotte remembered their events as little as she did their particular weather. The only circumstance that cast any shadow over them related to Harry. His behaviour had been somewhat remarkable, and the hope that time would explain it had not been realized at the end of August.

About three weeks before Sophia's marriage, Harry suddenly wrote to say that he had obtained a three months' furlough, in order to go to Italy with a sick friend. This letter, so utterly unexpected, caused some heart-burning and disappointment. Sophia had calculated upon Harry's fine appearance and splendid uniform as a distinct addition to her wedding spectacle. She also felt that the whole neighbourhood would be speculating upon the cause of his absence, and very likely infer from it that he disapproved of Julius; and the bare suspicion of such a slight made her indignant.

Julius considered this to be the true state of the case, though he promised himself "to find out all about Mr. Harry's affairs" as soon as he had the leisure and opportunity.

"The idea of Harry going as sick-nurse with any friend or comrade is absurd, Sophia. However, we can easily take Florence into our wedding-trip, only we must not let Charlotte know of our intention. Charlotte is against us, Sophia; and you may depend upon it, Harry meant to insult us by his absence."

Insult or not to the bride and bridegroom, it was a great disappointment to Mrs. Sandal. To see, to speak to Harry was always a sure delight to her. The squire loved and yet feared his visits. Harry always needed money; and lately his father had begun to understand, and for the first time in his life, what a many-sided need it was. To go to his secretary, and to find no gold pieces in its cash-drawer; and to his bank-book, and find no surplus credit there, gave the squire a feeling of blank amazement and heart-sick perplexity. He felt that such a change as that might prefigure other changes still more painful and frightsome.

Charlotte inclined to the same opinion as Julius, regarding her brother's sudden flight to Florence. She concluded that he had felt it impossible to congratulate his sister, or to simulate any fraternal regard for Julius; and her knowledge of facts made her read for "sick friend" "fair friend." It was, indeed, very likely that the beautiful girl, whose likeness Harry carried so near his heart, had gone to Florence; and that he had moved heaven and earth to follow her there.

So, at intervals, they wondered a little about Harry's peculiar

movement, and tried hard to find something definite below the surface words of his short letters. Otherwise, a great peace had settled over Seat-Sandal. Its hall-doors stood open all day long, and the August sunshine and the garden scents drifted in with the lights and shadows. Life had settled down into such simple ways, that it seemed to be always at rest. The hours went and came, and brought with them their little measure of duty and pleasure, both so usual and easy, that they took nothing from the feelings or the strength, and gave an infinite sense of peace and contentment.

One August evening they were in the garden; there had been several hot, clear days, and the harvesters were making the most of every hour. The squire had been in the field until near sunset, and now he was watching anxiously for the last wain. And they stood still to listen to the rumble of the waggon, and the rude, hearty chant that at intervals accompanied it:—

> "Blest be the day that Christ was born!
> The last sheaf of Sandal corn
> Is well bound, and better shorn.
> Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Good-evening, squire." The speaker had come quickly around one of the garden hedges, and his voice seemed to fall out of mid-air. Charlotte turned, with eyes full of light, and a flush of colour that made her exceedingly handsome.

"Well-a-mercy! Good-evening, Stephen. When did you get home? Nobody had heard tell. Eh? What?"

"I came this afternoon, squire; and as there is a favour you can do us, I thought I would ask it at once."

"Surely, Stephen. What can I do? Eh? What?"

"I hear your harvest is home. Can you spare us a couple of men? The wheat in Low Barra fields is ready for the sickle."

"Three men, four, if you want them. You cannot have too many sickles. Cut wheat while the sun shines. Eh? What? How is the lady at Up-Hill?"

"Mother is middling well, I'm obliged to you. I think she has failed though, since grandfather died."

"It is likely. She has been too much by herself. You should stay at home, Stephen Latrigg. A man's duty is more often there than anywhere else. Eh?"

"I think you are right now, squire." And then he blundered into the very statement that he ought to have let alone. "And I am not going to build the mill, squire,—not yet, at least. I would not do anything to annoy you for the world."

The information was pleasant to Sandal; but he had already heard it, in its least offensive way, through Ducie and Charlotte. Steve's broad relinquishment demanded some acknowledgment, and appeared to put him under some obligation which he did not feel he had any right to acknowledge. He considered the building of a mill so near his own property a great social wrong, and why should he thank Stephen Latrigg for not committing it?

So he answered coldly, "You must take your own way, Stephen. I am an old man. I have had my say in my generation, maybe I haven't any right to meddle with yours. New men, new times." Then, being conscious that he was a little ungenerous, he walked off to Mrs. Sandal, and left the lovers together. Steve would have forgiven the squire a great deal more for such an opportunity, especially as a still kinder after-thought followed it. For he had not gone far before he turned, and called back, "Bring Steve into the house, Charlotte. He will stay, and have a bit of supper with us, no doubt." But Sandal was not an unjust man; and having given them the opportunity, he did not blame them for taking it. Besides he could trust Charlotte.

During supper the conversation turned again to Stephen's future plans. Whether the squire liked to admit the fact or not, he was deeply interested in them; and he listened carefully to what the young man said.

"If I am going to trust to sheep, squire, then I may as well have plenty to trust to. I think of buying the Penghyll 'walk,' and putting a thousand on it."

"My song, Stephen!"

"I can manage them quite well. I shall get more shepherds, and there are new ways of doing things that lighten labour very much. I have been finding out all about them. I think of taking three thousand fleeces, at the very least, to Bradford next summer."

"Don't be in a hurry, my lad. There are some things in life that are worth a deal more than money,—things that money cannot buy. Let money take a backward place." Then he voluntarily asked about the processes of spinning and weaving wool, and in spite of his prejudices was a little excited over Stephen's startling statements and statistics.

Indeed, the young man was so interesting, that Sandal went with him to the hall-door, and stood there with him, listening to his graphic descriptions of the wool-rooms at the top of the great Yorkshire mills. "I'd like well to take you through one, squire. Fleeces? You would be wonder-struck. There are long staple and short staple; silkly wool and woolly wool; black fleeces from the Punjaub, and curly white ones from Bombay; long warps from Russia, short ones from Buenos Ayres; little Spanish fleeces, and our own Westmoreland and Cumberland skins that beat everything in the world for size. And then to see them turned into cloth as fast as steam can do it! My word, squire, there never was magic or witchcraft like the steam and metal witchcraft of a Yorkshire mill."

"Well, well, Steve. I don't fret myself, because I am set in stiller ways, and I don't blame those who like the hurryment of steam and metal. Each of us has God's will to do, and our own race to run; and may we prosper."

After this, Steve, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing, gradually won his way back to the squire's liking. Stephen went in and out of the pleasant "Seat" dayshine and dark, as the acknowledged lover of Charlotte Sandal.

Towards the end of September, there was a letter from Sophia dated Florence. Some letters are like some individuals, they carry with them a certain unpleasant atmosphere. None of Sophia's epistles had been very satisfactory; for they were so short, and yet so definitely pinned to Julius, that they were but commentaries on that individual. At Paris she had simply asked Julius, "What do *you* think of Paris?" And the opinion of Julius was then given to Seat-Sandal confidently as the only correct estimate that the world was likely to get. At Venice, Rome, Naples, her plan was identical; and any variation of detail simply referred to the living at different places, and how Julius liked it, and how it had agreed with him.

So when the Florence letter came, there was no particular enthusiasm about it. The address assigned it to the squire, and he left it lying on the table while he finished the broiled trout and coffee before him. But it troubled Charlotte, and she waited anxiously for the unpleasant words she felt sure were inside of it. Yet there was no change on the squire's face, and no sign of annoyance, as he read it. "It is about the usual thing, Alice. Julius likes Florence. It is called 'the beautiful.' Julius thinks that it deserves the title. The climate is very delightful, Julius is sure he will derive benefit from it; and so on, and so on, and so on." Then there was a short pause, and a rapid turn of the sheet to glance at the other side. "Oh, Julius met Harry yesterday! He —Julius—does not think Harry is doing right. 'Harry always was selfish and extravagant, and though he did affront us on our wedding-day, Julius thought it proper to call upon him. He—I mean Harry—was with a most beautiful young girl. Julius thinks father ought to write to him, and tell him to go back to his duty.'"

These were the words, doubtful and suggestive, which made every heart in Seat-Sandal thoroughly uncomfortable. And yet Charlotte stoutly said, "I would not mind Sophia's insinuations, father and mother. She is angry at Harry. Harry has as much right in Florence as Sophia has. He told us he was going there. He has written to us frequently, Suppose he was with a beautiful girl: is Julius the only young man entitled to such a privilege? Sophia is happy in her own way, and we do not envy nor interfere with her happiness; but why should we permit her to make us unhappy? Throw the letter out of your memories, dear father and mother. It is only a piece of ill-nature. Perhaps Julius had been cross with her; and if Sophia has a grievance, she never rests until she passes it on to some one."

Women still hold the divining-cup, and Charlotte was not far wrong in her supposition. The day on which the Florence letter was written had been a very unhappy one for Sophia. Julius had quarreled with her about some very trivial affair, and had gone out in a temper disgracefully at variance with the occasion for it; and Sophia had sat all day nursing her wrath in her darkened room. She did not dress for the evening drive, for she had determined to "keep up" her anger until Julius made her some atonement.

But when he came home, she could not resist his air of confidence and satisfaction. He had quite forgotten the affair at the breakfast-table, and was only eager for her help and sympathy. "I have seen Harry," he said.

"Very well. You came here to find him. I suppose I can see him also. I am sure I need to see some one. I have been neglected all day; suffering, lonely,"—

"Sophia, you and I are here to look after our own affairs a little. If you are willing to help me, I shall be glad; if not"—

"You know I will help you in anything I can, Julius."

They went for a drive, and during it met Harry, and brought him back to dine with them. Julius was particularly pleasant to the unsuspicious soldier. He soon perceived that he was thoroughly disgusted with the rigour and routine of military life, and longing to free himself from its thraldom; and he encouraged him in the idea.

"I wonder how you stand it, Harry," he said sympathetically.

"You see, Julius, when I went into the army, I was so weary of Sandal-Side; and I liked the uniform, and the stir of an officer's life, and the admiration of the girls, and the whole *éclat* of the thing. But when a man's time comes, and he falls so deeply in love that he cares for nothing on earth but one woman, then he hates whatever comes between himself and that woman."

"Naturally so. I suppose it is the young lady I saw you walking with this morning."

And Harry blushed like a girl as he gravely nodded his head.

"Does she live here?"

"She will for the future."

"And you must go back to your regiment?"

"Almost immediately."

"Too bad! Too bad! Why not leave the army?"

"I—I have thought of that; but unless I returned to Sandal-Side, my father would be angry beyond everything."

"Fathers cannot be autocrats—quite. You might sell out."

"Julius, you ought not to suggest such a thing. The temptation has been lurking in my own heart. I am sorry you have given it a voice. It would be a shameful thing to do unless father were willing."

"I have a friend anxious for a commission. I should think a thousand pounds would make an exchange."

"Do not speak on the subject, Julius."

"Very well, I was only supposing; a fellow-feeling, you know. I have married the girl I desired; and I am sorry for a young man who cannot."

But the germ of every wrong deed is the reflection whether it be possible. And after Harry had gone away with the thought in his heart, Julius sat musing over his own plans, and Sophia wrote the letter which so unnecessarily and unkindly shadowed the pleasant life at Seat-Sandal. For though the squire pooh-poohed it, and Charlotte professed indifference about it, and Mrs.

Sandal kept assuring herself and others that "Harry never, never would do anything wrong or unkind," every one was apprehensive and watchful. But at last, even suspicion tires of watching for events that never happen; and Sophia sent other letters, and made no mention of Harry; and the fear that had crouched at each home-heart slunk away into forgetfulness.

Into total forgetfulness. When Harry voluntarily came home for Christmas, no one coupled his visit with the remarks made by Sophia four months previously. They had not expected to see him, and the news of his advent barely reached the house before he followed it; for there was a heavy snow-storm, and the mail was sent forward with difficulty. So Mrs. Sandal was reading the letter announcing his visit when she heard his voice in the hall, and the joyful cry of Charlotte as she ran to meet him. And that night every one was too happy, too full of inquiry and information, to notice that Harry was under an unusual restraint. It did not even strike Charlotte until she awoke the next morning with all her faculties fresh and clear; then she felt, rather than understood, that there was something not quite right about Harry.

It was still snowing, and everything was white; but the atmosphere of a quiet, happy Christmas was in the house. There were smiling faces and good wishes at the breakfast-table, and the shifting lustres of blazing fires upon the dark walls and evergreens and wax-white mistletoe. After breakfast they all went to church; and Harry saw, as in a dream, the sacred table spread with spotless cloth and silver cups and flagons, and the dim place decked with holly, and the smiling glance of welcome from his old acquaintances in the village. And he fell into a reverie which was not a Christmas reverie, and had it suddenly broken by his sister singing high and clear the carol the angels sung on the hills of Bethlehem, —"Glory be to God on high!" And the tears sprang into his eyes, and he looked stealthily at his father and mother, who were reverently listening; and said softly to himself, "I wish that I had never been born."

For he had come to tell his father news which he knew would shake the foundations of love and life; and he felt like a coward and a thief in delaying the explanation. "What right have I to this one day's more love?" he asked himself; and yet he could not endure to mar the holy, unselfish festival with the revelation of his own selfishness. As the day wore on, a sense of weariness and even gloom came with it. Rich food and wine are by no means conducive to cheerfulness. The squire sloomed and slept in his chair; and finally, after a cup of tea, went to bed. The servants had a party in their own hall, and Mrs. Sandal and Charlotte were occupied an hour or two in its ordering. Then the mother was thoroughly weary; and before it was quite nine o'clock, Harry and Charlotte were left alone by the parlour fire. Charlotte was a little dull also; for Steve had found it impossible to get down the mountain during the storm, and she missed him, and was constantly inclined to fall into short silences.

After one of them, she raised her eyes to Harry's face, and was

shocked by its expression. "Harry," she said, leaning forward to take his hand, "I am sure you are in trouble. What is it?"

"If I durst tell you, Charlotte!"

"Whatever you have dared to do, you may dare to tell me, Harry, I think."

"I have got married."

"Well, where is the harm? Is it to the lady whose picture you showed me?"

"Yes. I told you she was poor."

"It is a great pity she is poor. I am afraid we are getting poor too. Father is feverishly anxious about you and Emily. Her fortune would be a great thing at Sandal, and father likes her."

"What is the use of talking about Emily? I have been married to Beatrice Lanza since last September."

"Such a strange name! Is it a Scotch name?"

"She is an Italian."

"Harry Sandal! What a shame!"

"Don't you think God made Italians as well as Englishmen?"

"That is not the question. God made Indians and negroes and all sorts of people. But he set the world in races, as he set races in families. He told the Jews to keep to themselves. He was angry when they intermarried with others. It always brought harm. What kind of a person is an Italian? They are papists, I know. The Pope of Rome is an Italian. O Harry, Harry, Harry! It will kill father and mother. But perhaps, as you met her in Edinburgh, she is a Protestant. The Scotch are all Protestants."

"Beatrice is a Roman Catholic, a very strict Roman Catholic. I had to marry her in a Romish church." He said the words rather defiantly, for Charlotte's attitude offended him; and he had reached that point when it was a pleasure to put things at their worst.

"Then I am ashamed of you. The dear old rector! He married father and mother; he christened and confirmed you; you might be sure, that if you could not ask him to marry you, you had no business to marry at all."

"You said her face was like an angel's, and that you would love her, Charlotte."

"Oh, indeed! But I did not think the angel was an Italian angel and a Roman-Catholic angel. Circumstances alter cases. You, who have been brought up a good Church-of-England gentleman, to go over to the Pope of Rome!"

"I have not gone over to the Pope of Rome."

"All the same, Harry; all the same. And you know how father feels about that. Father would fight for the Church quicker than he would fight for his own house and land, Why! the Sandals got all of their Millom Estate for being good Protestants; for standing by the Hanoverian line instead of those Popish Stuarts. Father will think you have committed an act of treason against both Church and State, and he will be ashamed to show his face among the Dale squires. It is too bad! too bad for anything!" and she covered her face, and cried bitterly.

"She is so lovely, so good"—

"Nonsense! Were there no lovely English girls? no good English girls? Emily is ten times lovelier."

"You know what you said."

"I said it to please you."

"Charlotte!"

"Yes, I did,—at least, in a great measure. It is easy enough to call a pretty girl an angel; and as for my promise to love your wife, of course I expected you would choose a wife suitable to your religion and your birth. Suppose you selected some outlandish dress,—an Italian brigand's, for instance,—what would the neighbouring gentlemen think of you? It would be an insult to their national costume, and they would do right to resent it. Well, being who and what you are, you have no right to bring an Italian woman into Seat-Sandal. It is an insult to every woman in the county, and they will make you feel it."

"I shall not give them the opportunity. Beatrice cannot live in this beastly climate."

"The climate is wrong also? Naturally. It would follow the religion and the woman. Harry Sandal, I wish I had died, ere my ears had heard such a shame and sorrow for my father and mother! Where are you going to live, then?"

"In Florence. It is the birthplace of Beatrice, the city associated with all her triumphs."

"God have mercy, Harry! Her triumphs! Is she, then, an actress?"

"She is a singer,—a wonderful singer; one to whom the world has listened with breathless delight."

"A singing woman! And you have married her! It is an outrage on your ancestors, and on your parents and sisters."

"I will not hear you speak in that way, Charlotte. Of course I married her. My sin against the Sandals and society is, that I married her."

"No, sir; you know better. Your sin is in having anything whatever to do with her. You might have thought of another woman besides Beatrice. Is a sin against a mother a less sin than one against a foreign woman? A mother is something sacred. To wound her heart is to throw a stone at her. You have committed a sort of sacrilege. And you are married! No entreaties can prevent, and no repentance can avail. Oh, what a sorrow to darken all the rest of father's and mother's days! What right have you to spoil their lives, in order to give yourself a little pleasure? O Harry! I never knew that you were selfish before."

"I deserve all you say, Charley, but I loved Beatrice so much."

"Are you sure, even of that excuse? Why did you not come home, and speak to me before it was too late? Why come at all?"

"Because I want to talk to you about money. I have sold out."

"Sold out? Is there any more bad news? Do you know what father paid for your commission? Do you know how it hampered him to do it? that, in fact, he has never been quite easy about ready money since?"

"I had to sell out. Did I not tell you that Beatrice could not live in this climate? She was very ill when she returned to Italy. Signor Lanza was in great trouble about her."

"Signor Lanza? Her brother, I suppose."

"You suppose wrong. He is her father."

"For her, then, you have given up your faith, your country, your home, your profession, everything that other men hold dear and sacred. Do you expect father to support you? Or is your wife to sing in Italy?"

"I think you are trying how disagreeable you can be, Charlotte."

"I am asking you honest questions in honest words."

"I have the money from the sale of my commission."

"It does not then strike you as dishonourable to keep it?"

"No, father gave me it."

"It appears to me, that if money were taken from the estate, let us say to stock a sheep-walk, and it was decided after three years' trial to give up the enterprise, and sell the sheep, that the money would naturally go back to the estate. When you came of age, father made you a very generous allowance. After a time you preferred that he should invest a large sum in a military commission for you; and you proposed to live upon your pay,—a thing you have never even tried to do. Suddenly, you find that the commission will not suit your more recent plans, and you sell it. Ought not the money to go back to the estate, and you to make a fresh arrangement with father about your allowance? That is my idea."

"Foolishness! And pray what allowance would my father make me, after the marriage I have contracted?"

"Now, you show your secret heart, Harry. You know you have no right to expect one, and so you keep what is not yours. This sin also for the woman whom you have put before every sentiment of love and honour."

"You were stubborn enough about Steve Latrigg."

"I was honourable; I was considerate for father, and did not put Stephen before him. Do you think that I would ever marry Stephen against father's wish, or to the injury or suffering of any one whom I love? Certainly I would marry no one else, but I gave father my word that I would wait for his sanction. When people do right, things come right for them, But if father had stood out twenty years, Steve and I would have waited."

"Charley, I expected you to stand by me. I expected you to help me."

"O Harry, Harry! How can I help? What can I do? There is nothing left but to suffer."

"There is this: plead for me while I am away. My wife is sick in Florence. I must go to her at once. The money I have from my commission is all I have. I am going to invest it in a little house and vineyard. I have found out that my real tastes are for a pastoral life."

"Ah, if you could only have found that out for father!"

"Circumstances may change."

"That is, your father may die. I suppose you and your wife have talked over that probability. Beatrice would be able to endure the climate then."

"If I did not see that you were under very strong excitement, Charlotte, I should be very much offended by what you say. But you don't mean to hurt me. Do you imagine that I feel no sorrow in leaving father and my mother and you and the old home? My heart is very sad to-night, Charley. I feel that I shall come here no more."

"Then why go away? Why, why?"

"Because a man leaves father and mother and everything, and cleaves unto his wife. Charley, help me."

She shook her head sadly.

"Help me to break the trouble to father."

"There is no 'breaking' it. It will break him. It will kill him. Alas, it is the ungrateful child that has the power to inflict a slow and torturing death! Poor father! Poor mother! And it is I that must witness it,—I, that would die to save them from such undeserved sorrow."

Then Harry rose up angrily, pushed his chair impatiently away, and without a word went to his own room.

In the morning the squire came down to breakfast in exceedingly high spirits. And Charlotte looked at him in wondering pity, for Harry's face was the face of a man determined to carry out his own will regardless of consequences.

"Come, come, Harry," said the squire in a loud, cheerful voice, "you are moping, and eating no breakfast. Charlotte will have to fill three times before it is 'cup down' with me. I think we will take Dobbin, and go over to Windermere in the tax-cart. Eh? What?"

"I must leave Sandal this morning, sir."

"Sir me no sir, Harry. 'Father' will stand between you and me, I think. You must make a put-off for one day. Come, Harry, we will go and fish a bit. If you carry your colonel some, he will take the gift as an excuse for the day. Eh? What?"

"I think Harry had better not go with you, father."

"Eh? What is the matter with you, Charlotte? You are as nattert and cross as never was. Where is your mother? I like my morning cup filled with a smile. It helps the day through."

"Mother isn't feeling well. She had a bad dream about Harry and you, and she is making herself sick over it. She is all in a tremble. I didn't think mother was so foolish."

"Dreams are from somewhere beyond us, Charlotte. Maybe we had better not go to Windermere. We might be tempted into a boat, and dry land is a middling bit safer. Eh? What?"

Charlotte felt as if she could endure her father's unsuspicious happiness no longer. It was like watching a little child smiling and prattling on the road to its mother's funeral. She put Mrs. Sandal's breakfast on a small tray, and with this in her hand went up-stairs, leaving Harry and the squire still at the table.

"Charlotte is a bit hurrysome this morning," he said; and

Harry making no answer, he seemed suddenly to be struck with his attitude. He looked curiously at him a moment, and then lapsed into silence. "Harry wants money." That was his first thought, and he began to calculate how far he was able to meet the want. Even then, his only bitter reflection was, that Harry should suppose it necessary to be glum about it. "A cheerful asker is the next thing to a cheerful giver;" and to such musings he filled his pipe, and, with a shadow of offence on his large, ruddy face, went into "the master's room" to smoke.

When kindly good-nature is snubbed, it feels it keenly; and there was a mist of tears in the squire's blue eyes when Harry followed, and he turned them on him. And it was part of his punishment that, even in the first flush of the pleasure of his sin, he felt all the pangs of remorse.

"Father?"

"Well, well, Harry! I see you are wanting money again."

"It will be the last time. I am married, and am going to Italy to live."

"Eh? What?" The squire flushed hotly. His hand shook, his long clay pipe fell to the hearthstone, and was shattered to pieces."

Then a reckless desire to have the whole wrong out urged the unhappy son to a most cruel distinctness of detail. Without wasting a word in explanation or excuse, he stated broadly that he had fallen in love with the famous singer, Beatrice Lanza, and had married her. He spared himself or his father nothing; he appeared to gather a hard courage as he spoke of her failing health, her hatred of England, her devotion to her own faith, and the necessity of his retirement to Italy with her. He seemed determined to put it out of the power of anyone to say worse of him than he had already said of himself. In conclusion he added, "I have sold my commission, and paid what I owed, and have very little money left. Life, however, is not an expensive affair in the village to which I am going. If you will allow me two hundred pounds a year I shall be very grateful."

"I will not give you one penny, sir."

The words came thick and heavy, and with great difficulty; though the wretched father had risen, and was standing by the table, leaning hard with both hands upon it.

He would not look at his son, though the young man went on speaking. He heard nothing that he said. In his ears there was the roaring of mighty waters. All the waves and the billows were going over him. For a few moments he struggled desperately with the black, advancing tide. His sight failed, it was growing dark. Then he threw the last forces of life into one terrible cry, and fell, as a great tree falls, heavily to the ground.

The cry rang through the house. The mother, trembling in her bed; Charlotte, crouching upon the stairs, fearing and listening; the servants, chattering in the kitchen and the chambers,—all heard it, and were for a moment horrified by the agony and despair it expressed. But ere the awful echo had quite subsided,

Charlotte was at her father's side; in a moment afterwards, Mrs. Sandal, sobbing at every flying step, and still in her night-clothing, followed; and then servants from every quarter came rushing to the master's room.

There was no time for inquiry or lamentation. Harry and two of the men mounted swift horses in search of medical aid. Others lifted the insensible man, and carried him tenderly to his bed. In a moment the atmosphere of the house had changed. The master's room, which had held for generations nothing but memories of pastoral business and sylvan pleasures, had suddenly become a place of sorrow. The shattered pipe upon the hearthstone made Charlotte utter a low, hopeless cry of pain. She closed the shutters, and put the burning logs upon the hearth safely together, and then locked the door. Alas! alas! they had carried the master out, and in Charlotte's heart there was a conviction that he would never more cross its threshold.

After Harry's first feelings of anguish and horror had subsided, he was distinctly resentful. He felt his father's suffering to be a wrong to him. He began to reflect that the day for such intense emotions had passed away. But he forgot that the squire belonged to a generation whose life was filled and ruled by a few strong, decided feelings and opinions that struck their roots deep into the very foundation of existence, a generation, also, which was bearing the brunt of the transition between the strong, simple life of the past, and the rapid, complex life of the present. Thus the squire opposed to the indifference of the time a rigidity of habits, which, to even small events, gave that exceptional character which rarity once imparted. He felt everything deeply, because everything retained its importance to him. All his convictions and prejudices were for life.

Harry's marriage had been a blow at the roots of all his conscious existence. The Sandals had always married in their own county, Cumberland ladies of honourable pedigree, good daughters of the Church of England, good housewives, gentle and modest women, with more or less land and gold as their dowry. Emily Beverly would have been precisely such a wife. And in a moment, even while Harry was speaking, the squire had contrasted this Beatrice Lanza with her;—a foreigner,—an Italian, of all foreigners most objectionable; a subject of the Papal States; a member of the Romish Church; a woman of obscure birth, poor and portionless, and in ill-health; worse than all, a public woman, who had sung for money, and yet who had made Harry desert his home and country and profession for her. And with this train of thought another ran parallel.—the shame and the wrong of it all. The disgrace to his wife and daughters, the humiliation to himself. Each bitter thought beat on his heart like the hammer on the anvil. They fought and blended with each other. He could not master one. He felt himself being beaten to the ground. He made agonizing efforts to retain control over the surging wave of anguish, rising, rising, rising from his breast to his brain.

And failing to do so, he fell with the mighty cry of one who, even in the death agony, protests against the victor.

The news spread as if all the birds in the air carried it. There were a dozen physicians in Seat-Sandal before noon. There was a crowd of shepherds around it, waiting in silent groups for their verdict. All the afternoon the gentlemen of the Dales were coming and going with offers of help and sympathy; and in the lonely parlour the rector was softly pacing up and down, muttering, as he walked, passages from the "Order for the Visitation of the Sick":—

"O Saviour of the world, who by thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech thee, O Lord.

"Spare us, good Lord. Spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood.

"Shut not up thy tender mercies in displeasure; but make him to hear of joy and gladness.

"Deliver him from the fear of the enemy. Lift up the light of thy countenance upon him. Amen."

---

## THANKSGIVING.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

I THANK Thee, Lord, not only for the joys
I may have seen,
And for the days of quiet restfulness
That in my life have been;
But I thank Thee, too, for every suffering hour
That lies between.

I know not why some things that seemed so good
Have passed me by,
And things from which my spirit shrank with dread
Have drawn so very nigh;
But I take my lot with thankfulness, because
*Thou* knowest why.

I give Thee grateful thanks, for I am sure
No drops can fall
Of bitterness into the cup I drink,
But Thou dost count them all;
And I know no trial for Thy sympathy
Can be too small.

So, Lord, I take with thanks from Thy dear hand
All Thou dost send,
Knowing that every sorrow borne for Thee
To some great joy doth tend,
Where the weary rest and troubled hearts grow glad,
And pain shall end.

TORONTO.

## CANADIAN VERSE.*

A new volume of poems, by the author of "Lake Lyrics," will be warmly welcomed by lovers of Canadian verse. In this handsome book, which we review from advance sheets, Mr. Campbell more than sustains the reputation which he made by his previous volume. Too often Canadian writers have to procure recognition in the great forum of letters abroad before their merit is acknowledged at home. Several of Mr. Campbell's poems have been published in the leading literary organs on this continent, the *Atlantic*, *Century* and *Harper's*, and have won for him very high commendation from the literary critics.

Like his "Lake Lyrics," many of the poems of this volume find their theme in the scenery of the great "unsalted seas" of Canada. He knows them well. They have entered into the very spirit of his verse, and the long sweep of their summer waves and the strident roar of their winter storms find echo in his lines.

These poems are not all, however, nature studies. Some discuss the deepest problems of mind and spirit, and some find their theme in ancient Pompeii and at Arthur's court in Camelot. The Canadian subjects are those that appeal most strongly to our patriotic feelings. The descriptions of nature are of photographic accuracy and evince intense sympathy with her varied moods.

"The Dread Voyage," and "The Last Ride," while exquisitely perfect in form, strike us as in rather sombre a mood. We suppose they are to be read in a dramatic sense and not as expressing the sentiment of the author. They reflect very strongly the *fin de siècle* pessimism with which we have less sympathy than with the robust optimism of Robert Browning. By the way, one of the finest poems in the book is the monody on the death of Browning. In the fine poem of "Sir Lancelot," Mr. Campbell breathes the very spirit of the knightly days of the Round Table. The battle scene with which it ends, with its short, crisp, Saxon words, is Homeric in its vigour.

One of the most striking poems in the volume is "Unabsolved"; a dramatic monologue, founded on the confession of a man who went with one of the expeditions to save Sir John Franklin's party, and who, being sent ahead, saw signs of them, but, through cowardice, was afraid to tell. If we mistake not, the Rev. E. R. Young met this very man. The poem strikingly describes his intense and poignant remorse.

The poem of "The Mother," which first appeared in *Harper's Monthly*, is here reprinted. It attracted wide attention at the time, and in the *Inter-Ocean* it is described as the nearest approach to a great poem which has crept out in current literature for many a long day. It is founded on a Danish superstition, that dead mothers cannot lie quiet in their graves while their babes are weeping for their love and care. So this bride-mother leaves her earthy bed:

"My babe was asleep on a stranger arm,
'O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,

"'Though dark and so deep, for mother is there,
O come with me from the pain and care!

"'O come with me from the anguish of earth,
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girth,

"'Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long,
And mother will croon you a slumber-song.

"'A slumber-song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth-song lies!

"'The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there.'"

"The Cloud Maiden" is a charming rendering of the varied moods of summer mist-wreath and winter storm. One of the most striking poems is "The Were-Wolves," which, according to Scandinavian legend, are the souls of men—

* *The Dread Voyage.* Poems by WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL. Toronto: William Briggs, and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Pp. 190. Price $1.00.

"Each panter in the darkness
Is a demon-haunted soul,
The shadowy, phantom were-wolves,
Who circle round the Pole.
All through this hideous journey,
They are the souls of men
Who in the far dark-ages
Made Europe one black fen."

We have not space to quote from the beautiful nature studies, "An August Reverie," "In the Spring Fields," "In a June Night," "Harvest Slumber Song," "Autumn," "On the Rideau River," "The Children of the Foam," "An October Evening," "December," and other noble poems. The following is an example of Mr. Campbell's condensation of thought and expression :

LOVE.

"Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories, bloom, and song were rife;
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,
And murmured, 'I am life.'

"Love came at even when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered, 'I am rest.'"

The following is a specimen of his fine use of the sonnet :

A DECEMBER MORNING.

"Breaks in the wild and bleak December morn,
Across shrunk woods and pallid skies like pearl:
From hooded roofs white, sinuous smoke-wreathes curl
Into the clear, sharp air; great boughs, wind-torn
And storm-dismantled, sway from trunks forlorn.
Under stark fences snow-mists sift and swirl,
And overhead, where night was wont to hurl
Her ghostly drift, white clouds, wind-steered, are borne.

"By drifted ways I climb the eastern hills,
And watch the wind-swayed maples creak and strain;
The muffled beeches moan their wintry pain;
While over fields and frosty, silent rills,
The breaking day the great, grey silence fills
With far-heard voice and stir of life again."

Mr. Campbell's love of our noble lakes is finely shown in the long poem which begins thus :

"With purple glow at even,
With crimson waves at dawn,
Cool bending blue of heaven,
O blue lakes pulsing on;
Lone haunts of wilding creatures
dead to wrong;
Your trance of mystic beauty
Is wove into my song."

The last poem on "The Dead Leader," will be read with pathetic interest by all admirers of the late Premier of Canada :

"Let the sad drums mutter low,
And the serried ranks move slow,
And the thousand hearts beat hushed along the street;
For a mighty heart is still,
And a great, unconquered will,
Hath passed to meet the Conqueror all must meet.

"With banners draped and furled,
'Mid the sorrow of a world,
We lay him down with fitting pomp and state,
With slumber in his breast,
To his long, eternal rest
We lay him down, this man who made us great.

"Him of the wider vision,
Who had one hope, elysian,
To mould a mighty empire toward the west;
Who through the hostile years,
'Mid the wrangling words like, spears,
Still bore this titan vision in his breast."

The Methodist Publishing House has issued this important addition to Canadian verse in chaste and elegant style.

We regret that a writer of so great ability has tuned his lyre so often in a minor key, and has failed to express the Christian faith and hope which have inspired the mightiest singers of Christendom — Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, the Brownings, and Whittier. We think with Milton that a poet's loftiest theme is "to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ."

It should be his task to inspire to nobler living, to sublimer faith, to "vindicate eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to men," to point to

"That one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

# Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

## Wesleyan Methodist.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are nearly half a million Wesleyans, over 100,000 Primitive Methodists, nearly 75,000 members in the Methodist Free Church, and over 36,000 attached to the Methodist New Connexion, and on Good Friday a union meeting of the four Methodist bodies was held at Wakefield. A Wesleyan minister presided, a Methodist Free Church minister preached, after which the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered.

In the Fiji Islands, out of a population of 120,000, 105,000 attend Wesleyan places of worship. An English earl visited Fiji and said to a chief, "You are a great chief, and it is a pity that you have been so foolish as to listen to that story about Jesus Christ. No one nowadays would believe any more in that old Book which is called the Bible," etc. The old chief's eyes flashed, and he answered; "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we smashed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven over yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now, you! you! if it had not been for these good missionaries, for that old Book, and the great love of Jesus Christ, which has changed us from savages into God's children, you! you! would never leave this spot. You have to thank God for the Gospel, as otherwise you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on your body in no time."

Thomas Mercer, a blind native preacher in Antigua, West Indies, has been conducting evangelistic services in that island. He can read the Bible with ease and efficiency by means of his fingers. Great interest was felt in the services. He was taught to read by the late Rev. Alex. McAulay.

In the Forward Movement Mission in London, 15 ministers are employed, with 20 lay agents and 80 sisters of the people. At least 5,000 persons are meeting in class. An increase of 300 members is reported. Conversions take place every Sunday.

The success of the "Sisters," at the Grove Mission, Southwark, has been such, in the courts and alleys, that it is now proposed to form a brotherhood. Their work will consist in part in visiting the hospitals, workhouses, infirmaries, and befriending friendless lads coming to London, also holding bright services in lodging-houses, and distributing Gospel literature among Sunday morning excursionists and at railway stations.

## Methodist Episcopal Church.

At a recent North India Conference 45 native ministers were ordained. The Rev. Dennis Osborne of Allahabad has been appointed general evangelist for all India. While a local preacher he resigned a government office and became a minister.

The property of the Methodist Episcopal Church amounts to $130,018,070. The Episcopalians are the richest in property in proportion to their membership; the Roman Catholics possess property valued at $118,386,516.

It is astonishing how Canadian Methodists are being absorbed in American churches. Recently 550 certificates were received by fourteen churches in one city, and of the number 185 were from Canada.

The Chinese Government has been so favourably impressed with the edu-

cational work of the Methodist Missions in Pekin, that it has promised to give positions upon the railways, or in telegraph offices, to all graduates, at a fair salary, with the added privilege of keeping the Sabbath. All graduates from the medical department will receive appointments in the army or navy.

### Primitive Methodist.

The reported increase of members is 1,000. Nearly $150,000 has been secured for the Jubilee Fund. $250,000 is the amount expected.

Several ministers are completing their term of service of four, five, and more years on the same circuit; one has been fourteen years on his present field of labour.

### Bible Christian.

Several Evangelistic services are reported. Hatherleigh and Caldicott have been graciously visited. Some of the roughest and worst characters have been completely transformed. Drink has been given up, pipes and cigars have been discarded, the public-houses are almost empty; the publicans are enraged, but the places of worship are crowded. Anniversary meeting was held and the receipts were increased five-fold more than last year. New churches have been erected in several places.

### Methodist Episcopal Church South.

This Church began work among the Indians as far back as 1863, and has expended upon them in all upward of $400,000. In the Indian Territory last year there were ninety missionaries and 12,000 members. In Mexico there are eighty native preachers and 5,000 members.

An unusual occurrence recently took place at Piedmont, South Carolina. At the evening service conducted by the Rev. Geo. Boyd, three other ministers were on the platform, one being his father and the other two his brothers, a father and three sons all regularly ordained ministers. The father is eighty-eight years old, and has been presiding elder and has delivered one hundred sermons or more since he became an octogenarian.

### The Methodist Church

Victoria University has had about one-third more students than during the last year at Cobourg. There are 10 professors and lecturers in arts and 5 in theology. The students in arts number 152 and in theology 84. Since the first graduating class went out from Victoria, the graduates in arts have numbered 606; in science 9; in law, LL.B., 111, LL.D., 31; in medicine, 1,655; and in theology, 96.

General Superintendent Carman continues as usual to be ubiquitous. He recently returned from Bermuda, and while we are preparing these notes he is in Toronto attending the Victoria Board of Regents meeting, and will leave immediately for Winnipeg, where he preaches on the Sabbath, and then goes to British Columbia Conference, and on his return will attend Manitoba Conference and thence go east to New Brunswick Conference. Truly he is in the Itinerancy.

Rev. W. G. Griffin, D.D., the newly appointed Treasurer of the Superannuation Fund is doing good service by preaching in different churches, and presenting the claims of the superannuated to the people. The *Empire*, in giving a report of a sermon preached in New Richmond Church, said, "He met a good many of the stock arguments against the system and claimed that without the superannuation allowance the itinerant system would be impossible. A Methodist preacher had to go where he was sent and take what was given him, the contract or understanding being that he was to be provided for when he was worn out. If it were otherwise, then preachers would begin to ask about what they were to receive before accepting an appointment. Dr. Griffin pointed out that several of the preachers entitled to superannuation allowances had declined to accept them. He gave figures showing that Methodist preachers are liberal givers, also showing that

if the amounts due as salary and unpaid during the last forty years were paid up there would be therefrom over half a million of dollars, which would almost make the church independent of the Superannuation Fund."

The Methodist Social Union of Toronto made a new departure recently by holding a public meeting and discussing the question, "Workingmen and the Church." Rev. Dr. Sutherland and Mr. E. Gurney read brief papers, which were followed by several three-minute speeches, all of which were deeply interesting. The meeting was really unique, and many expressed a hope that others of a similar kind might be held in the near future. Rev. Dr. Carman presided with his usual ability.

We are gratified to hear of revivals in several places. Scarcely had Bros. Crossley and Hunter opened their campaign at Berlin than we hear of showers of blessing descending upon the place. They have since engaged in revival work in Napanee.

Rev. Messrs. Brooke, McGregor and Inwood, Keswick brethren, have held a convention in Toronto for the promotion of holiness. Hundreds, we believe, received the fulness of blessing.

### Recent Deaths.

The Rev. James Donnelly, Secretary of the Irish Methodist Conference, died March 30th, Portadown. He entered the ministry in 1853. In 1884 he was Vice-President, and during the last twelve years he was Secretary of Conference. He was one of the five ministers who were elected from the Irish Conference to the late Ecumenical Conference in Washington.

The Rev. Thomas Perry Oliver, Bible Christian, died at Chatham, England, March 8th, in the 72nd year of his age. He entered the itinerant work in 1846 and laboured in several important circuits. For two years he was Secretary of Conference, and was President in 1868.

The Rev. Francis Hunt, of Montreal Conference, commenced his ministry in the Methodist New Connexion in 1842; thirteen years afterwards he joined the Wesleyan Church, and with the exception of a few years, during which he retired, he laboured earnestly in the Province of Quebec until 1877, when he took a supernumerary relation and remained in retirement until April, when the Master called him home.

The Right Rev. John Horden, Bishop of Moosonee, died at his post, January, 1893. In 1852 he was ordained at Moose Factory, and thus for more than forty years he laboured in comparative seclusion. He translated a large portion of the Bible and prayer-book into the Cree language.

The remains of the martyred Bishop Hannington have been discovered at Usoga under an old ammunition box buried beneath a half-demolished hut. By permission of the chief they have been carried into the country which he twice tried to enter. They will be laid in the Cathedral Church of Uganda.

Rev. Thomas White Ridley was a veteran minister of the Methodist New Connexion who died at Gateshead in November, 1892. For more than half a century he was a prominent minister and was often entrusted with important interests. His beloved wife was a niece of Rev. Alex. Kilham, the chief founder of the Connexion. She died five weeks previous to her husband. A son of this venerable couple, who was also a class-leader and local preacher, died three days before his honoured father.

Rev. I. S. Bingham, D.D., of the M.E. Church, died at Herkomer, New York, April 21st. He had long been a leader of the Lord's hosts. Besides being a circuit minister, he became presiding elder and editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*. He was a member of several General Conferences, and for twelve years was one of the assistant secretaries and also secretary of the Book Committee. He was fraternal delegate to the last General Conference of the Methodist Church, but was not able to fill the appointment by reason of illness.

# Book Notices.

*The Lost Atlantis and other Ethnographic Studies.* By Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S.E., President of the University of Toronto. Author of "Pre-Historic Man," etc. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. vi.–411. Price $4.75.

This posthumous volume by the late President of the Toronto University has a pathetic interest. It occupied the last days of its distinguished author, and his pen dropped from his hand while correcting its proofs. The book consists, to use the words of Sir Daniel, of "a few carefully studied monographs, linked together by a slender thread of ethnographic relationship." Some of these are of special interest in view of the current celebration of the discovery of America.

The first paper is that on "The Lost Atlantis," the ancient empire fabled to have been sunk beneath the Atlantic waves. Sir Daniel carefully examines the evidence upon the subject and concludes that if any Atlantis ever existed, it was probably the continent of America itself. It is not impossible, he states, that Phœnician inscription or Assyrian gryffons or Tyrian shekels may still be discovered among the treasures of the Montezumas, but until such evidence is forthcoming, the legendary Atlantis must remain a myth.

"The Vinland of the Northman" is the subject of another essay. Here we are on much more solid ground. While Sir Daniel makes short work of the Dighton Rock inscriptions and of the Legend of Norembega, he recognizes the historic value of the evidence of the early Norse occupation of Greenland and discusses fully their occupation of the mainland. A paper on "The Trade and Commerce of the Stone Age" is of exceeding interest to us as Canadians, and shows the extensive travel and migration of pre-historic times.

Other articles, in which the archæological learning and research of Sir Daniel Wilson are shown, are those on "Pre-Ayran American man;" and "The Æsthetic Faculty in Aboriginal Races," as evinced in their pottery, carving, picture writing and even their language. "The Huron-Iroquois," with whom the French and English settlers came into such frequent and deadly conflict, are justly described as the typical Indian race, typical in bodily strength and vigour and in truculent ferocity. Other essays are of a more technical character, but all are of permanent value.

The volume is characterized by the scientific accuracy and the fine literary form with which Sir Daniel invariably treated whatever subject on which he wrote. Of him as of Goldsmith it may be said, "Non tetigit quid non ornavit."

*On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers.* By Kate Marsden. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 291.

We published some time ago in this magazine Mr. Stead's graphic sketch of Miss Marsden's wonderful two thousand miles' ride across Siberia. We have here that lady's volume giving a detailed account of her philanthropic labours. She exhibits the characteristic energy of "A King's Daughter," of which order she is a member. She has been especially successful in awakening the interest of royal personages. Her book is dedicated, by special permission, to the Queen, who has taken "a deep interest in Miss Marsden's work among the lepers, and recommends her to the attention and consideration of any persons whose assistance she may have occasion to require in connection with her benevolent effort in the cause of humanity." The Empress of Russia has also lent her countenance to this work, on which Flo-

rence Nightingale invokes the divine blessing.

Few women have ever undertaken such a herculean task or carried it through with such success. The narrative is one of hairbreadth escapes, and of great peril and privation. Through Miss Marsden's efforts several nurses have already devoted themselves to the loving care of the suffering lepers. On someone saying to them, "You must have a great deal of the enthusiasm of humanity to keep you in such a place as this," "Enthusiasm of humanity," a nurse replied; "that motive would not keep us here a single day. The love of Christ constraineth us."

Recent portraits of the Queen and of the Empress of Russia, and graphic pictures of Miss Marsden *en route*, of the unfortunate lepers in their wretched hovels, and of a proposed leper settlement, etc., illustrate the volume.

"*Lay Down Your Arms:*" *The Autobiography of Martha Von Tilling.* By BERTHA VON SUTTNER. Authorized translation by T. HOLMES, revised by the authoress. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. x.–435. Price $1.25.

This book has attracted great attention in Europe, and has had the honourable distinction of being prohibited in Austria and Germany on account of its vivid presentation of the horrors of war. It is the cry of a human heart wrung by the sevenfold sorrows inflicted by the dreadful war system of Europe. The book has been translated at the request of the International Committee of Arbitration by a member of that body. The translator well remarks that "Madame Suttner's vivid pages will enable those of us who have not seen any of the ravages of war, or felt the griefs and anxieties of non-combatants, to realize the state in which people live on the continent of Europe, under the grim 'shadow of the sword' with constantly increasing demands on the treasure accumulated by their labour, and on their still dearer treasure, their children, to meet the ever-increasing demands of war."

The story is that of an Austrian Countess whose young husband was summoned to the Italian war of 1859 and was slain at the battle of Solferino. The narrative gives from a personal point of view the military history of Europe from that period down to the siege of Paris, when her second husband was shot by the Communards. The Schleswig-Holstein war, the financial ruin which it brought to thousands, the fearful scenes of the Austro-Prussian war, the author's experience in a journey over the Bohemian battle-fields in search of her husband, after the battle of Königgratz, the story of the Franco-Prussian war, and the horrors of the siege of Paris and the Commune are vividly described.

We do not wonder that the "war sketches of a soldier who abhors war" give a vivid picture of what few of us can realize. It is only by creating a wholesome moral sentiment in favour of peace that this great anomaly of the nineteenth century shall be abolished. The ministers of the Prince of Peace, poets and statesmen have too long thrown a glamour over the atrocities of war, but the democratization of society and the protest of the masses dragged from their homes, drilled in the art of butchery while women are left to till the field, and at last sent forth as sheep to the slaughter, will surely soon cause a moral revolution against this relic of barbarism.

"The warrior's name shall be a name abhorrèd,
And every nation that shall lift again
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Shall bear evermore the brand of Cain."

*Handbook of Literary Curiosities.* By WILLIAM S. WALSH, author of "Faust, the Poem and the Legend," etc. Philadelphia: B. Lippincott Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Half bound. Gilt top. Pp. 1,104.

This large and closely printed book is a perfect mine of information upon

an almost infinite variety of curious lore. The subjects treated are not those which one finds in sober cyclopedias. These treat the lighter side of literature. Among the many topics of which examples are given are quaint and curious advertising, curious Bibles, bibliomania, bulls "Irish and not Irish," curiosities of criticism, "English as she is spoke," curious epitaphs and epigrams, literary forgeries, some famous hoaxes, macaronic literature, mistakes of authors, paradoxes and puzzles, mystifications and impostures, quotations and mis-quotations, etc.

Who has not often wanted to find the origin of some phrase, to verify some out-of-the-way quotation? In this book he will be almost sure to be able to do so. A deal of amusing, as well as useful information will be found in these pages. The index contains over 1,100 references to out-of-the-way information.

*Atonement, the Fundamental Fact of Christianity.* By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B., D.D. London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 70 cents.

"It hath not pleased God," says Bishop Butler, "to reveal precisely in what way the atonement of Jesus Christ avails for the salvation of mankind." In like spirit, Dr. Newman Hall remarks: "Explanations may vary, but the fact remains. Sinners are saved by reliance on Christ who died, and not by accepting any particular theory. As we may profit by the solar ray without knowing the nature of light, and be nourished by food while ignorant of the process of digestion, so multitudes are saved through the atonement, who cannot explain it. Variations of theory may exist among those who possess the same steadfast faith. It has been truly said that all explanations of the atonement have partial truth: Christ did die as a martyr; as an example; as a pattern of self-surrender; to show sympathy; as our representative; to reveal the love of God; to satisfy the claims of government; to make us good. The atonement fulfils all these purposes; but each is not all; and all are defective without this: 'He bare our sins in His own body on the tree.'"

Our author admits candidly and frankly the misrepresentations and objections to the atonement, demonstrates its nature as a power for purity, adduces the witness of experience, and brings the saving truth home with power to the heart and conscience. The purpose of the volume is to show that salvation through the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ is not merely an important, but a fundamental fact of Christianity.

*Christ, the Evidence of Christianity.* By REV. PRINCIPAL CAIRNS, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 90c.

This volume from the pen of the late lamented Principal Cairns, author of "Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century," will be welcomed by many admirers of that distinguished man. This is one of the series of "Present Day Tracts" on important religious topics. In addition to the one which gives its title to the volume, there are included: "The Arguments of Christianity from the Experience of Christians," "The Success of Christianity, and Modern Explanations of it," "Christianity and Miracles at the Present Day," "Is the Evolution of Christianity from Mere Natural Sources Credible?" "The Present State of Christian Argument from Prophecy." They are marked by the elevation of thought, and clear and cogent expression for which Dr. Cairns was so well known.

---

CORRECTION.—Mr. Cecil F. Lavell, whose name appeared in connection with the beautiful Hymn on the Ascension from the Spanish of Poncedelon, writes to say that he is not the translator of the hymn and that it was through an error in this office that his name so appears. We regret the mistake, but our readers will be very thankful to Mr. Lavell all the same for calling their attention to this beautiful Spanish hymn.